

# The Sketch



No. 572.—VOL. XLIV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME,

WHO SUCCEEDS MISS ETHEL SYDNEY IN "THE ORCHID," AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



*The Sketch* Office,  
Monday, Jan. 11.

THE terrible Chicago disaster is still the chief topic of conversation in stageland. One hears of fireproof curtains being lowered two or three times nightly, and every manager in London has assured every newspaper-reporter in London that, in the event of fire, his particular theatre is the safest in the world. One manager, indeed—the indomitable Mr. Mulholland, of the King's Theatre, Hammersmith—has even addressed his patrons from the stage. Mr. Mulholland, according to the *Era*, "dealt strongly with the gross exaggerations in regard to the danger of fire in a London theatre which were published in several papers." I venture to suggest that either the manager of the King's Theatre spoke carelessly or the *Era* has reported him wrongly. Nobody knows better than Mr. Mulholland that some of the older London theatres would be fearful places to escape from in the event of a panic. The King's Theatre, I grant, is entirely free from suspicion. I have been over it, more than once, from floor to ceiling, and I am bound to admit that a more admirably constructed playhouse I have never seen. But the King's Theatre, after all, is a product of the present century. Mr. Mulholland should have been content to call attention to the perfection of his own arrangements, and not have striven, however chivalrously, to champion all the managements of London.

The jaded playgoer, with whom a new sensation has become an absolute necessity, should pay a visit to "The Darling of the Gods," at His Majesty's. For there he will be able to enjoy, at one and the same time, the extremes of aestheticism and squalor. The entire setting of the play is beautiful. Scene succeeds scene, each more delightful than the last. And, in the midst of all this loveliness, the poor puppets strut and gesticulate, vainly endeavouring to persuade the audience that they are listening to lines that tell and witness situations that thrill. The "book," to speak plainly, is crude to a degree. For the sake of the scenery, however, everyone should put up with the piece. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, moreover, is distinctly humorous in the part of an impossibly bloodthirsty villain. One can see that, if he cared to try, he could make a gorgeous burlesque of the whole affair. Even now, if I may say so, he recalls Mr. Rutland Barrington in "The Mikado." Miss Lena Ashwell is not quite suited to the part of the heroine; she seems to have acquired a habit of expressing emotion whether the situation demands it or not. In the more tragic moments, of course, she scores her usual triumph. A very clever piece of acting is contributed by Miss Mimi St. Cyr.

There are in preparation, I believe, several burlesques of "The Darling of the Gods." Up to the present, however, I have only witnessed one. That was entitled "The Snarling of the Dogs," and was enacted, shortly after midnight last Friday, on the private stage of the London Sketch Club. The genial fragment, which was devised, rehearsed, and produced under the personal direction of Mr. Dudley Hardy, roused a closely packed and somewhat restless house to an extraordinary pitch of excitement. Shrieks of dismay greeted the appearance of Mr. Starr Wood as the ancient heroine; a roar of fury prevented Mr. Lee Hankey from speaking the lines which he had never seen; shrill cries of abuse followed Mr. Lance Thackeray as he hurriedly left the stage immediately after his entrance. The only person who really remained calm and collected was the deviser himself, who, in response to threats of personal violence, thanked the audience for having provided him with an appropriate and striking title. I understand that the impressive scene following immediately after the delivery of this speech will form the subject of Mr. John Hassall's new Academy picture. The work will be eminently suggestive, I imagine, of virile indignation.

In that clever novel, "Love and Mr. Lewisham," Mr. H. G. Wells describes the bitter disappointments of a girl who tried to earn money by typewriting. As far as I remember, the only person who gave her any employment was a poet, and his poems were so very short that the poor girl could not have kept herself in hair-pins out of the proceeds. To prove that that particular profession is still rather overcrowded, I may inform you that a friend of mine who advertised recently in a daily paper for a lady typist received over three hundred replies. Among the first twenty applications he found a suitable lady; the other letters, of course, were thrown away unopened. Here are some extracts, moreover, from a letter I myself received two mornings ago from a lady typist. In the very buoyancy of the tone, it seems to me, lies the pathos: "I would like you to read this letter through; it is worth it. . . . You send your work here and have it done in the time it takes another office to grasp what it is you want. . . . Our machines are at work before those of other offices are dusted. We never close! . . . If you require your work in a hurry, it will be ready before you want it. . . ." And lastly: "My price shows a ten per cent. reduction on usual prices." Willingly, my dear Madam, would I send my work to you, were it not that I should be wronging somebody just as eager, and, all things considered, extraordinarily accurate.

I have made up my mind, absolutely, to shake hands no more. The stupid custom never appealed to me, but I have complied with it, hitherto, in order to avoid hurting people's feelings. Now that the "grip" has become fashionable, however, I shall have to be callous. After all, it is far better that I should hurt someone's feelings a little than that they should hurt my hand a great deal. At a reception I attended the other night, there were three acquaintances of mine sitting in a group. I went up to them and shook hands all round. The first man ground together all my knuckle-bones. The second squeezed my fingers until they were reduced to a mere pulp. The third, not to be baulked, twisted my wrist and almost jerked my elbow out of the socket. I cursed them, root and branch, and hurried away to the far-end of the room. When I looked back, they were regarding each other with open-mouthed astonishment. I could see that they had meant well; the new fashion was to blame. . . . A few years ago, you will remember, it was considered rather smart to hold your hand high in the air and wave it to and fro in gentle contact with the hand of your acquaintance. That fashion, too, was idiotic enough, but it was infinitely more civilised than this furious, insensate grip.

The Editor of *Tit-Bits* is in danger of becoming conceited. The number of journals that have flattered him by imitating his hidden-treasure scheme is already very large, and the craze is spreading daily. If the thing goes on, we shall all be crawling about on our hands and knees, peering here and probing there. Not a tree or a shrub will be safe; rivers, canals, lakes, and ponds will be dragged; no man will be able to call his garden his own. And there is another outcome of the matter that has not occurred, perhaps, to the Editor of *Tit-Bits*. The mania is spreading to private individuals. I know a man, perfectly sane in every other respect, who steals from his home on three nights in the week with a pocketful of pennies. These he conceals, one at a time, in various parts of his district. Any sort of hiding-place is good enough—a window-sill, a gas-lamp, a key-hole. On the other three nights he tries to ascertain which of the pennies have been found and which remain. His great grief, however, arises from the fact that he cannot always remember where he has hidden the coins. . . . His wife and children, I may mention in confidence, are very anxious about the state of his mind. Their trouble is not relieved in any way by the letters that arrive continually from heartless, scoffing relations.

## TWELFTH NIGHT AT THE MANSION HOUSE.



SKETCHES OF THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL BY RALPH CLEAVER.

## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Filibusters of Britain—Why they Have Not Gone to Japan—Scotch Engineers—Neutrality.*

OF course, there is only one topic of conversation in the Clubs, as there is in the street, and that is the shadow of war. There is, however, this difference in the present situation and other times when two Great Powers have been on the point of flying at each other's throats, that the stormy petrels of Britain are staying at home

eventually strengthened their cavalry by some corps of Irregulars, for the Japanese are not accomplished riders. Their country in its populous parts is not a horseman's country, for the mountain-slopes are steep and the land of the plains is to a great extent under rice-culture—little, sloppy fields with raised foot-paths at the sides. I dare say in Australia and California, both of which are more in touch with Japan than England is, there is more talk of adventures in Korea than is to be heard now in Pall Mall and Piccadilly. There will be blockade-running, no doubt, for adventurous owners and captains, and there will be stirring work for those daring spirits who are certain to try and destroy the Russian communications by land, and who will certainly get the shortest of shrift if they fall into Russian hands.

I am told that a large number of Scotch engineers have gone out to Japan to work in the engine-rooms of the Fleet, and this, I should think, was possible, and even probable, for all the high authorities whom I have heard discuss the personnel of the Japanese Fleet have agreed that the weakest spot in it is the staff of the engine-rooms.

As fighting-men on land or at sea, all who know the Japanese have a great admiration for them; but engineers are born and not made, and Scotland seems to breed them better than any other land in the world. I remember an old skipper in Hong-Kong telling me the story of a bet that he made, that he would go on board any steamer—English, Chinese, or Japanese—lying in Hong-Kong harbour, and would shout down into the engine-room "Are ye there, Mac?" and that he would get a response. He won his bet.

There is, of course, the question of neutrality; but the sin against the laws of his country which a fire-eater commits in enlisting in the service of a foreign country fighting against another foreign country has never prevented a real enthusiast from committing the offence, and public opinion does not consider it an offence at all. No one, I am sure, thinks that Lord Kitchener did anything wrong when he fought for the French against the Germans in the great war. Of course, he was not then a British soldier. The sympathy of this country was also thoroughly with the Englishmen who took service with the Turks against the Russians, though under the Foreign Enlistment Act they were committing an offence.

The Japanese ships which should now be making their way out to the East from Genoa will have many difficulties to contend with, besides an encounter with Russian men-of-war as soon as war is declared, for they can only coal once within three months in an English port. They may take on board enough coal, if they can hold it, to carry them to the nearest Japanese port, but that they would scarcely be able to do.



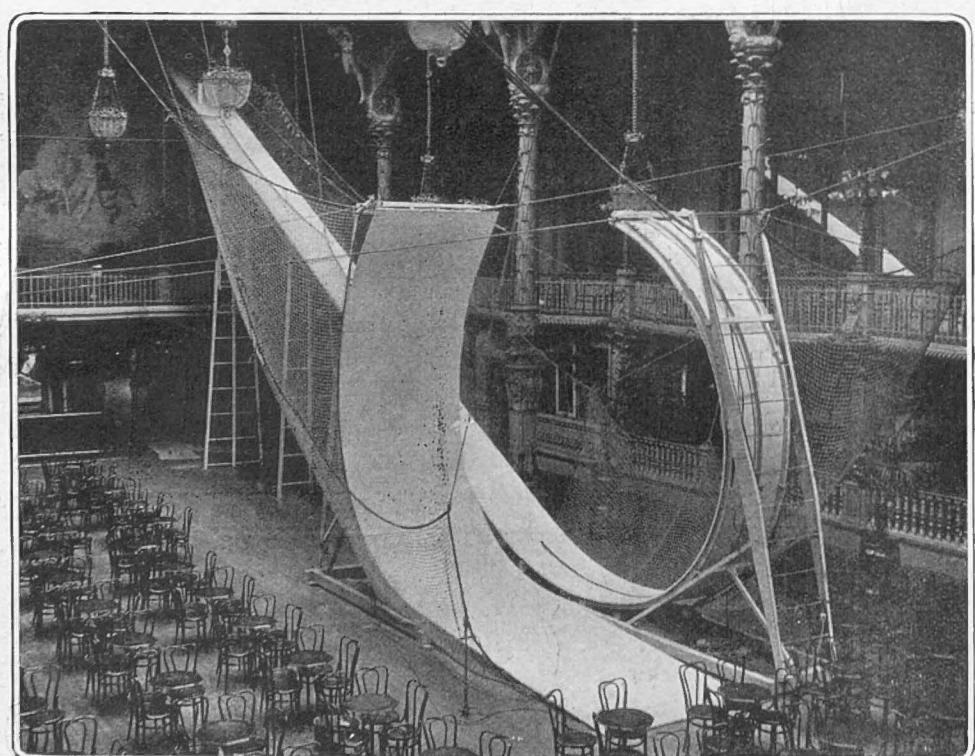
AFTER THE RECENT OUTRAGE: A HAPPY NEW YEAR SUGGESTION TO CITY MEN.

On Monday of last week a London office-boy attacked his employer with an axe, wounding him severely.

and are not on the wing either for Japan or Russia. There are a dozen Englishmen I know who love fighting for fighting's sake, who rode with the Roughriders in the Spanish-American War, who clanked spurs from one end to another of South Africa, who, when they feel time heavy on their hands, go to South America and become Generals on the revolutionary side in one of the rebellions which are always going on, and these men are quietly walking along Pall Mall and Piccadilly instead of hurrying out to the Far East. Meeting one of them and asking him how it was that he had not scented the battle from afar, he told me, in an aggrieved manner, that he had foreseen what was coming long ago, and would have gone out to Japan at the time that the War Correspondents of the great daily papers one after another booked passages for Hong-Kong or Shanghai or Yokohama, but that the inquiries he made at the Japanese Legation as to whether first-class British fighting-men would receive a welcome in Japan at the present time and would be given congenial employment were not answered quite as satisfactorily as he could wish, and he added that he understood that the rations on active service would consist of dried fish and rice.

We all know what the Constable of France in "Henry V." thought of Englishmen who did not get their ration of beef, and fish and rice cannot be a sustaining diet, but, unless I am very much mistaken, the Japanese soldier is given beef when it is obtainable. I know that, when I spent a week with a brigade of Japanese troops during their peace manœuvres in their own country, a great herd of cattle was driven along with the baggage-animals, and it was a standing joke that all the oldest and toughest animals in the land were sold to the Army for beef. That, however, was a time when the Japanese were slavishly copying Europeans, and it may be that their military authorities, thinking out problems for themselves, have come to the conclusion that the food of the hard-working peasant is quite sustaining enough for the hard-working soldier.

If war comes, and if it should be a long one, I should not be surprised if the Japanese

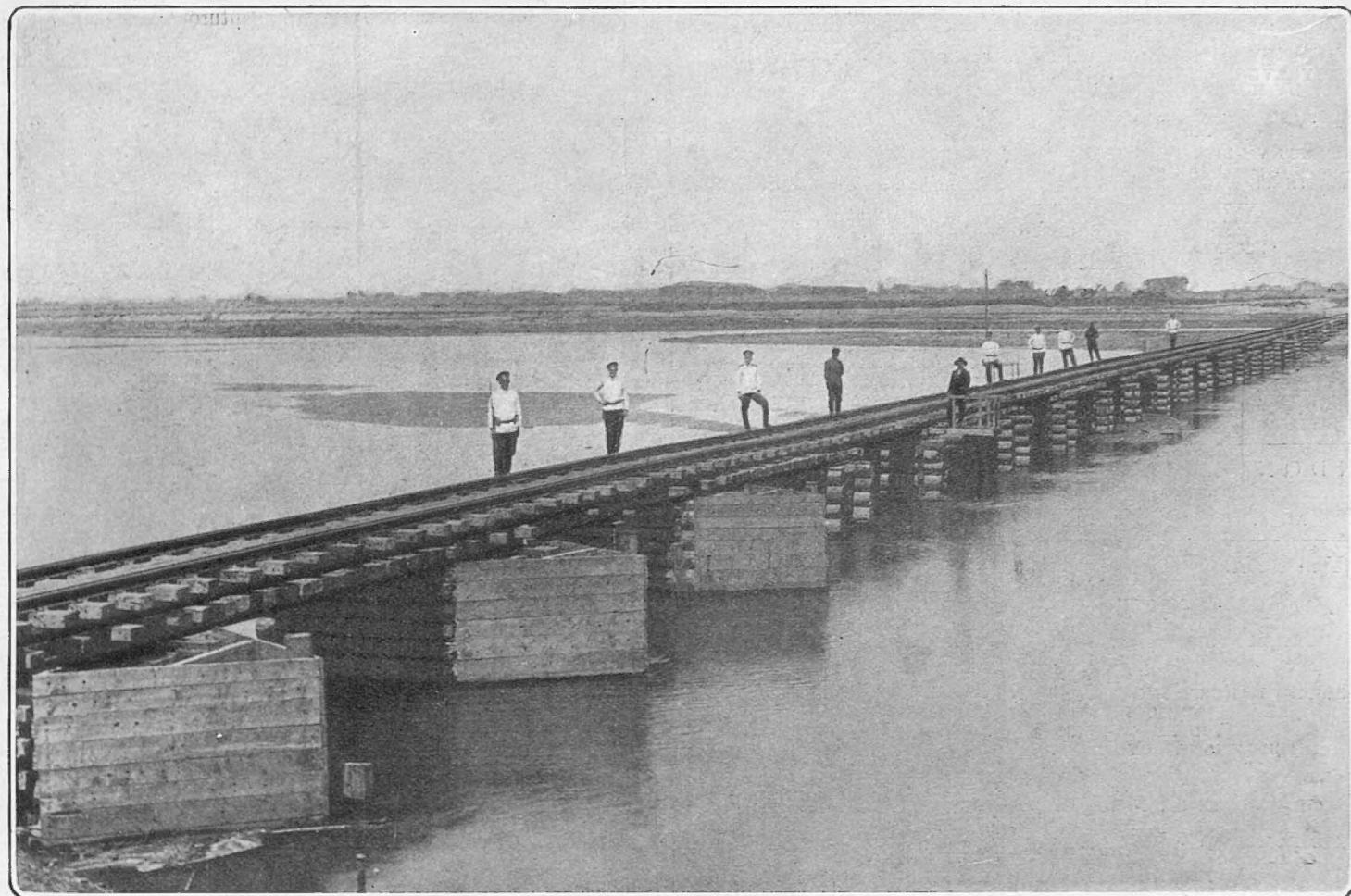


"LOOPING THROUGH SPACE," AT THE EMPIRE.

The performer, Mr. Barber, rides a bicycle round a path of which some eighteen feet are missing.

## THE WAR CLOUD: SOME BELLICOSE RUSSIANS.

(SEE ALSO PAGE 457.)



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For JANUARY 16

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JANUARY 16.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THERE seems no doubt that our Sovereign will shortly pay a State visit to Berlin. King Edward's visits to the German Capital have been few, his meetings with the Emperor having taken place elsewhere. It is, of course, possible that the two monarchs may meet on the Italian Riviera, where the German Kaiser is certainly going to spend a few weeks of the spring, and where the King may make a short stay during

his cruise in the Mediterranean. A great Royal gathering will undoubtedly assemble in Denmark early in April, in honour of King Christian's eighty-sixth birthday, and this, again, would give the Royal uncle and Imperial nephew a chance of meeting.

*This Week's Anniversary.*

To-morrow (14th) is a very sad anniversary in our Royal Family, and a private Memorial Service will be held in the Albert Chapel at Windsor, at which both their Majesties are to be present. The memory of the Duke of Clarence, that most amiable and kindly Prince, is kept green in the Royal family circle, and what the 14th of December was to Queen Victoria the 14th of this month is now to Queen Alexandra.

*The King and the Far Eastern Rivals.* The King's efforts to preserve peace in the Far East between Russia and Japan make it interesting to recall the fact that quite a remarkable number of those honorary distinctions which sometimes mean so much have been exchanged between the three monarchs concerned. Thus our

King is honorary Colonel of the 27th Kieff Regiment of Russian Dragoons, and possesses, as do also the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Cambridge, the great Russian Order of St. Andrew. Curiously enough, the Mikado of Japan also has this Order, but his Majesty does not seem to have returned the compliment by bestowing on the Czar the Order of the Chrysanthemum.

On the other hand, both King Edward and the Duke of Connaught are Knights of the Chrysanthemum. Turning to British Orders, the Czar and the Hereditary Grand Duke Michael are Knights of the Garter, and the Grand Dukes Sergius and Michael Alexandrovitch of Russia and Prince Arisugawa of Japan and the Marquis Ito are honorary Knights Grand Cross of the Bath. Count Matsukata of Japan is an honorary G.C.M.G., and the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch is an honorary G.C.V.O. It is curious that, though the Czar is honorary Colonel of the Scots Greys, the Mikado has not received, either in this country or in Russia, the titular command of any regiment, and it is also curious that the Czar has no honorary rank in the British Navy, though

the German Emperor is an honorary Admiral of the Fleet, and the King of Portugal, the King of the Hellenes, and Prince Henry of Prussia are honorary Admirals.



THE CZARINA IN MILITARY DRESS.

*Photograph by Hahn.*



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE CZAR AS COLONEL OF THE SCOTS GREYS.

*From a Painting by John Mathews.*

*The Czar and the Czarina's Horses.* The Czar and Czarina are never happier than when in the saddle; it is their favourite mode of taking exercise, and the mighty Emperor of All the Russias is very proud of the Imperial stables, which, both in St. Petersburg and in the various country palaces, are models of what stables should be, being one and all under the supervision of British coachmen and grooms. No fewer than five veterinarians attend to the health of the Czar's equine friends, and the greatest care is exercised in keeping the saddle-horses in fit condition. The little Archduchesses were put on pony-back as soon as they could speak, and seem likely to become as fond of horses and riding as is their mother.

*The Queen's Father.* The deep affection with which our beloved Queen regards her venerable father, the King of Denmark, is well known, and Her Majesty has naturally been anxious about the chill which has detained him at Gmünden, receiving constant telegraphic reports as to his condition. King Christian is now the oldest monarch in the world. He was born in April 1818, and was therefore the senior of Queen Victoria by thirteen months. In spite of the loss of Schleswig-Holstein, the little kingdom of Denmark possesses an importance in Europe out of all proportion to its size and resources. That this is the case is largely due to the character of its Sovereign and his much-lamented Consort, Queen Louise.

*A Highland Chieftain.*

"Bearded like the pard," of great stature and strength, rugged, kindly, a loyal friend, abhorring conventionalities and hypocrisies of all kinds, Lord Dunmore is the very *beau idéal* of a Highland Chieftain. He was only four years old when he succeeded his father as seventh Earl, and, growing up, took naturally to a soldier's life, obtaining his company in the Scots Guards in due course. Thirty-eight years ago, when he was twenty-five, he married the third daughter of the venerable Earl of Leicester, who still lives in vigorous old-age, and he has travelled enormously in strange places of the earth. The Pamirs, the "Roof of the World," and Kashmir were trodden by his foot at a time when the enterprising Muscovite had scarcely penetrated there, while, as for Thibet, Lord Dunmore has probably already given not a few valuable "tips" to Colonel Younghusband's little expedition. Lord and Lady Dunmore are adored in their distant Highland home, where the Harris tweeds come from, and, in spite of "J. C. B.," they are warm supporters and wearers of that much-maligned fabric, and have, indeed, done much for various Scottish home industries. They recently had the happiness of seeing their only son, Lord Fincastle, married to the lady of his choice, a fair Scotchwoman from the Isle of Skye.

*The Largest Palace in the World.* The Kremlin is the largest, as well as perhaps the most famous, of Royal Palaces in the world. Although the actual modern building—or rather, group of buildings—dates only from the reign of Nicholas I., the rulers of Russia have lived in the Kremlin from time immemorial, and even of late years the Czar and Czarina always make a point of spending a portion of each year in Moscow, so long the capital of ancient Russia. There are a thousand rooms in the Kremlin, and the State Apartments are indescribably splendid, much of the furniture being literally studded with precious stones. Of the series of halls, perhaps the most wonderful is that of St. Catherine, of which the walls are supported by malachite pillars. Here the newly crowned Czarina always holds her first Court immediately after her coronation. Among the smaller rooms, though they also are of vast proportions, special interest attaches to

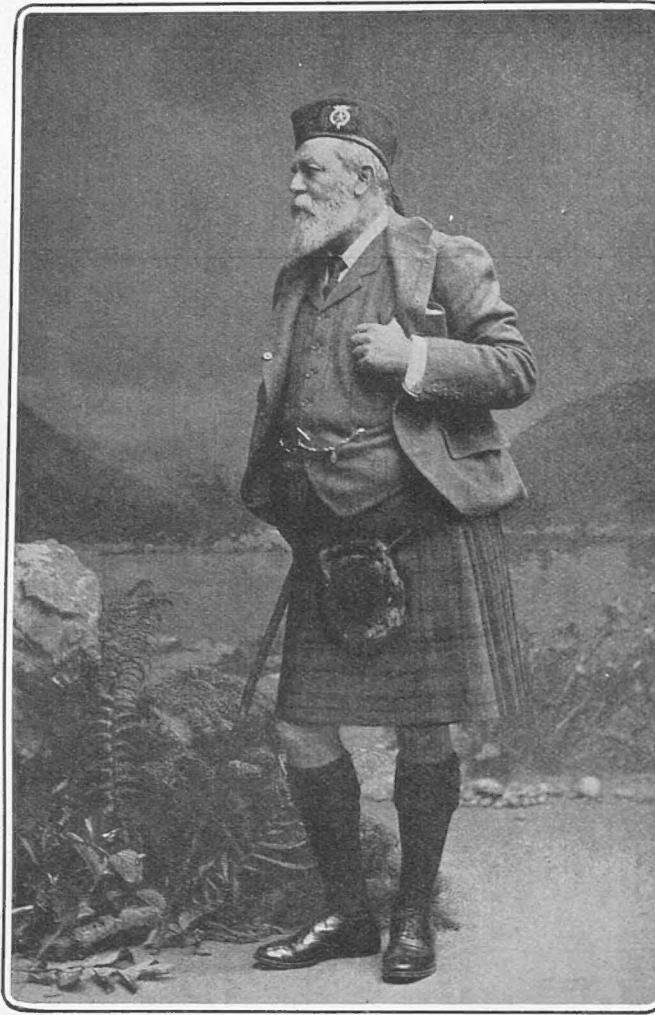
the Czar's State Bedroom, which is entirely hung with white brocade, while the pilasters which reach from the floor to the roof are of verte antique and the mantelpiece and dressing-table of the costliest jasper. It is thought in Russia that the Emperor and Empress will move to the Kremlin and spend there a portion of time before the issue of the Russian-Japanese conflict is finally concluded.

*The Warwick Wedding.* Society is greatly interested in all the details of next

Tuesday's great function at Warwick. The pretty young bride made herself very popular in the débutante world last spring, when she helped her lovely mother to do the honours of Brook House at innumerable dances and receptions. Lord Helmsley is one of the more serious of future Earls, being interested in East-End poverty problems and in many matters which, as a rule, lie outside a young man's province. Warwick Castle has seen many splendid fêtes and gatherings, but it may be doubted if any prettier and more picturesque sight has ever been seen within its old grey walls than that which will be presented by the wedding-breakfast, which is to take place in the world-famed hall, the only apartment in the Castle large enough to contain the great gathering of friends and relations who will be present to do honour to the daughter of the house.

*Mr. Lyttelton and the Oxford Circuit.* The dinner at the Oxford Circuit. Colonial Secretary is to be entertained to-morrow (Jan. 14) by his old colleagues of the Oxford Circuit will be a merry party, for it may not be generally known that this Circuit is, above all others, distinguished for a special sort of intimacy and *esprit de corps*. This is largely, no doubt, due to the fact that it is a small Circuit and the briefs are few. Nevertheless, the roll numbers about two hundred names, many of whom

keep up old school and University friendships. In spite of its smallness, the Circuit has produced an extraordinary number of great lawyers and statesmen. To confine ourselves to modern times, that eccentric genius the late Baron Huddleston was once its leader, and it can also boast of having nurtured Sir Henry James (now Lord James of Hereford), the present Lord Llandaff, Mr. Justice Jelf, Mr. F. A. Bosanquet, K.C., and, least only in a physical sense, Mr. Justice Darling.



LORD DUNMORE, A TYPICAL HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN.

Photograph by Whyte, Inverness.



THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW, THE CZAR OF RUSSIA'S LARGEST AND GRANDEST PALACE.



PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER, F.R.S.,  
DIRECTOR OF THE NATURAL HISTORY DEPARTMENTS OF THE  
BRITISH MUSEUM.  
Photograph by Beresford.

Among the many twentieth-century débutantes who grace the Court of the King and Queen an especially charming and interesting group is formed of the daughters of Lord and Lady Verulam. Three have made their début, and three are still in the schoolroom, though Lady Elizabeth Grimston will almost certainly make her appearance at one of this year's Courts. The sisters all inherit quite exceptional beauty from their mother, who was herself, perhaps, the most beautiful of the lovely Miss Grahams of Netherby. Gorhambury, the place where the Ladies Grimston have spent

most of their young lives, is one of the most celebrated of the stately homes of England, and it contains, among other remarkable paintings, one of Charles I. and one of poor Strafford, whom his Royal master is said to have betrayed. Gorhambury is not far from town, and Lady Verulam and her daughters often entertain London friends in the stately gardens which are one of the great charms of the fine old place.

*Antiquities and Armour.* Lord Dillon, who celebrates his sixtieth birthday on the 24th inst., was for some years in the Army, but the real love of his heart was the study of antiquities, especially armour and costume. He has made himself one of the first living authorities on this subject, as was recognised by his election some seven years ago to the Presidential Chair of the Society of Antiquaries. Before that he was President of the Royal Archaeological Institute, and he still holds the interesting post of Curator of the Tower Armouries, and he is also one of the *ex-officio* Trustees of the British Museum. At Ditchley, his Oxfordshire seat, he has some magnificent examples of Holbein, Lely, Kneller, Hoppner, and other great painters, and his competence as a judge of pictures was recognised ten years ago by his appointment to be a Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery. Lord Dillon, who succeeded his father as seventeenth Viscount in 1892, is married to a charming Canadian lady.

*The Children's Professor.* Professor Ray Lankester, whose lectures on extinct animals, at the Royal Institution, are delighting the children home for the Christmas holidays, is one of our greatest living biologists. Bluff, hearty, and genial, he is the very man to please a critical audience of youngsters, for there is nothing of the pedant or the schoolmaster about him. High treble voices, thrilling with interest, interpose innocent queries about the habits of mastodons and ichthyosaurus, and such fearsome wild-fowl, and he answers them good-humouredly with many a quip and jest.

*And his Career.* The Professor's father was a distinguished Coroner, and Cambridge to a small extent, but Oxford mostly, had a hand in his education after he left St. Paul's School. The story goes that he had not been long at Cambridge when he paid a visit to Oxford on private business all unbeknown to his pastors and masters, who were much

astonished to learn that their pupil had been elected to a science studentship at Christ Church. He "professed" Natural History at Edinburgh for some years, and then Comparative Anatomy at Oxford. Incidentally, he founded that wonderful laboratory of sea-creatures at Plymouth which must be seen to be believed in, and for the last five or six years he has controlled the Natural History departments of the British Museum. What he doesn't know about animals is not worth knowing. There is, as yet, no Mrs. Lankester, and the Professor is a confirmed *habitué* of the Athenaeum and the Savile. Like so many great scientists, he is keenly interested in art and has not resisted the charms of golf. But, if you would really win his heart, you must discover a new beast, as Sir Harry Johnston did with the Okapi.

*The Korean Army.* The Empire of Korea, which is in the position of a nut between a hammer and an anvil, possesses an Army; but, though the inhabitants of the Hermit Kingdom number some thirteen millions, the Army consists only of a nominal ten thousand militiamen who, although their younger officers have been instructed by Japanese, are of no value as soldiers. The artillery possesses eighteen guns, of which six are mounted in forts, six are field-guns, and six are mountain-guns. In addition, the Korean Government last September ordered six field-guns in Japan, and four field-guns and eight Maxims in England. The cavalry consists of one hundred and fifty more or less mounted men, and the Navy of an old merchant-vessel armed with eight guns, which the Koreans bought of Japan last April. On the whole, though it is the bone of contention between two Great Powers, Korea has, perhaps, acted wisely in deciding to remain neutral.

*A Royal Wedding.* The betrothal will shortly take place of the Count of Turin, cousin of the King of Italy, to the Princess Louise Françoise of France, youngest sister of the Duc d'Orléans. The Count is the second son of the ex-King of Spain, Amadeus, and is the younger brother of the present Duke of Aosta. The Count of Turin was thirty-three years old last November, and the Princess Louise is just twenty-one.

*A Montenegrin Revolution.* For centuries past the Montenegrin Army has always been under the direct command of the Vladika, or of the Prince of Montenegro, but of late years there has been a Minister of War in command under the Prince. The Voivode Ilya Plamenac has for a long time past been the Minister for War, but he has never had a department under him. Now, however, there is to be a change, and a regular War Office is being organised, which is divided into four sections, each one with a General at its head. This reorganisation is the work of Lieutenant-Colonel Potapof, the new Russian Military Attaché, who has been instructed by the Czar to insist that the annual subvention paid to Montenegro shall be devoted to the maintenance of the Army of Russia's only friend, and not frittered away on the Prince's hobbies, as has usually been the case hitherto.



THE LADIES HELEN AND HERMIONE GRIMSTON, DAUGHTERS OF THE EARL AND  
COUNTESS OF VERULAM.

Photographs by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.



VISCOUNT DILLON, THE WELL-KNOWN  
ANTIQUARIAN.

Photograph by Gillman, Oxford.

*A New Forest Hostess.*

Mrs. Hayes-Turner is one of the popular group of country hostesses who have the good-fortune to live in that beautiful district of England known as

the New Forest. The list is a long one, and includes Lady Cecilia Scott-Montagu, whose delightful estate, Beaulieu, is known to most of our leading motorists, and Mrs. Cornwallis-West, who at Newlands Manor has often entertained the Sovereign. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes-Turner have a charming place, Broomy Lodge, near Ringwood, and there, through the summer months, they entertain parties of their friends. Few country neighbourhoods offer so many amusements and interests, for every portion of the New Forest is within easy reach of the sea, and the opportunities of indulging in every kind of sport are unrivalled in the South of England.

*Lady Forestier-Walker.*

Our Generals are singularly fortunate in their wives, and on more than one occasion those gallant men-of-war have publicly acknowledged their indebtedness to their better-halves in speeches and in the dedication of books. One of the prettiest and most talented ladies in



MRS. HAYES-TURNER, A POPULAR COUNTRY HOSTESS.

Photograph by Martin Jagolette.

high military Society is Lady Forestier-Walker, who even before her marriage belonged to the best fighting-stock, for she was a Miss Ross, the daughter of a distinguished soldier. Although her marriage took place sixteen years ago, Lady Forestier-Walker has still the lovely, slender figure and masses of golden hair which she had as a bride. She adds intelligence to beauty, and is a fine amateur actress. It must have been no easy task to succeed so remarkable a woman as Lady Butler, the painter of "The Roll Call," at Cape Town, but this Lady Forestier-Walker did triumphantly, and she made many devoted friends at the Cape.

*The Kaiser.* The German Emperor has not disappointed those of his subjects who look to him to mark the inauguration of a New Year with words and deeds of note (writes our Berlin Correspondent). He has addressed to his officers an admonition of great moment, exhorting them to eschew vain display, extravagance, and, above all things, to beware of arrogantly accentuating the differences of rank in intercourse with civilians. Although the Emperor's address has not been published, the intelligence of it has caused universal satisfaction. It should be fraught with most beneficial results in relieving the resentful feelings which for a long time past have been growing up in wide circles of the German nation against the privileged positions occupied in Society and in the State by officers. Of course, no one in Germany expects the Emperor to abolish the conception of the military as a privileged class. That

conception apparently is a fundamental principle of Empire. But it is hoped that the Imperial words will effectually check the arrogance of conduct and behaviour on the part of many officers which has contributed to the gradual establishment of something like a barrier between the Army and the nation.

The Emperor further signalled the New Year by the sensational decision, arrived at in consequence of the Chicago catastrophe, to close the Berlin Opera House for a period of six weeks, in order to enable structural alterations designed for the safety of the stage personnel to be carried into effect. It may be readily imagined that such a decision, coming at the height of the Opera season, has involved the private purse of His Majesty in losses of no inconsiderable amount. All the more ought one to appreciate the conscientiousness and generous-hearted impulse that have prompted the Emperor's action. The example set by His Majesty has, I understand, induced the managers of all the chief theatres in Berlin to subject to a most careful scrutiny the means of exit provided for the event of a fire. Germany is determined that no foresight shall be lacking on her part



LADY FORESTIER-WALKER, WIFE OF GENERAL FORESTIER-WALKER.

Photograph by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

in preventing the occurrence of so fearful a tragedy as that which has cast its shadow over the United States.

*Realistic Writers.* I happened the other day to meet a typical representative of the numerous tribe of so-called realistic German writers. In less than five minutes he was engaged in initiating me into the profoundest mysteries of his craft. He explained to me that the voice of the people was the voice of God, and that only he can catch its right notes who descends to the lowest strata of human society for his observations. My author informed me that he went almost daily, in search of copy and dialogue, to the most evil haunts of Berlin—to bars where criminals do assemble and where Social Democratic working-men do congregate. His disguises were Protean. He was quite familiar with the ways of the servants' hall, and knew its opinions on many of the leading families of Berlin Society. Finally, he generously offered to escort me on some of his expeditions, and supplied me at the same time with an ingenious recipe for dirtying my hands. My English accent was his great difficulty. It was hopeless, he said, to expect a criminal to talk his lingo or communicate his views on affairs of State to one whose words bore a foreign hall-mark. But he thought this difficulty might be surmounted if I were to dress as an English jockey. Clad in that guise, he was convinced that the "proletariat soul" of Germany would reveal itself to me. I refused the invitation of the "realist," and feel sure that I have lost a chance that will never recur.

*The Smallest Republic.*

The Principalities of Monaco and Liechtenstein and the Republics of Andorra and San Marino are usually supposed to be the smallest States in the world; but there is another, the very existence of which is unknown to the outside world, but which is, nevertheless, a full-blown



MISS BERTHA PALLISER AS ZÉLIE RUMBERT IN "THE ORCHID," AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Republic. This is Tavolara, and it consists of the islet of Terranova, on the north coast of Sardinia, and contains only a hundred and seventy inhabitants.

"Our elders," says a weekly paper, "are growing more juvenile every day." A lyrical correspondent thus comments on the statement—

Do you like the fair sex to be lively and gay?  
Do you sniff at the student from Girton?  
Do you think that each damsel should join you at play  
With a well-fitting blouse and short skirt on?  
Do you love to see eyes brimming over with fun,  
And cheeks that are brown, though not tanny?  
If so, there is only one thing to be done—  
I must introduce you to Grannie.

She's the sauciest, brownest, and brightest of eyes;  
Her locks are deliciously curly;  
Her lips' dainty colour the rosebud outvies;  
Her teeth are both even and pearly.  
Her smart muslin frocks are the talk of the town  
(They were made for her grand-daughter Fanny),  
While sweet baby-hats, rather low in the crown,  
Are the favourite headgear of Grannie.

She is quite in her element out at a ball,  
The gayest and lightest of dancers.  
She joins in the two-step, the "Cake Walk," and all,  
And she loves a good romp in the Lancers.  
Her grand-daughters sit all alone, and aver  
That they think her proceedings uncanny;  
For it seems that the dancing men vastly prefer  
The youthful attractions of Grannie.

She golfs and she motors, plays tennis and rows;  
In winter she joins us at hockey.  
She skates when it freezes, she sleighs when it snows,  
And she rides, I am told, like a jockey.  
Her charms are as potent as ever of old,  
But as for poor Gladys and Annie,  
And other young folk who are left in the cold,  
They do not exactly bless Grannie!

*Riviera Notes.*

On the Riviera the weather has had all the good qualities we associate with a fine English June, and the influx of visitors from the colder parts of Europe suggests that the French Mediterranean littoral as a winter resort is by no means played out. I hear that M. Delcassé has reached these shores for a brief change of air and scene after his prolonged labours in the great building on the Quai d'Orsay. The electric-tram line from Mentone to Monte Carlo started work for the season with the New Year, and helps to add to the crowd that gathers in the Prince of Monaco's chief town. The season of comic opera is over in Monte Carlo; the time of comedies has arrived, commencing with Maurice Donnay's "La Bascule" and Pierre Wolf's "Secret de Polichinelle." The work of preparing for Grand Opera proceeds apace. Among the open-air attractions of the Prince's dominions must be reckoned the forthcoming automobile-boat race. Pigeon-shooting is in full swing, but the leading shots have still to put in an appearance.

*The Casino.*

The Casino has opened its new rooms, three in all. The largest, which is the middle room, has three tables, devoted at present to roulette, and the walls are treated with mirror panels set in oak, so that the lighting would be admirable without the great electroliers. At the far-end of this room is a strikingly French picture that does not call for detailed description. To the left of this playing-room is the tea-room, with a bar at one end that suggests possibilities of something stronger than tea; and on the right is a smoking-room, admirably fitted. The lighting of the new rooms is particularly brilliant, and the decorations are as rich and florid as might be expected in the Casino. Finishing touches remain to be put to all the new rooms; they were not quite ready for the public, but the Administration decided to open them without delay. It is necessary to make hay while the sun shines.



MISS LEONORA GRIEVE, "PRINCIPAL BOY" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN.

Photograph by Chancellor.

## SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

**PARIS.** I suppose no Latin race will ever learn how really to enjoy a winter season. This moral and philosophical reflection occurred to me this afternoon as I stood in the Gardens of the Luxembourg watching a little group of elderly and earnest Frenchmen practising their favourite winter-sport. What that sport is you would not guess were I to leave the competition open from now until summer-time, so I had better not lose time, and tell you. This group of elderly enthusiasts was playing croquet, and playing croquet with a seriousness worthy of a better and more seasonable cause. Did they but know it, they might well dub the game "le croquet-golf," for, played as it is upon the sandy hillocks and the pebbled deserts of the Luxembourg Sahara, the game entails considerable unnecessary skill. But it is hardly warming. There were, I saw, icicles upon the purple mufflers, cheeks, and noses, and above the frost-stiffened beards, frosted by time as well as by the weather, the lips which murmured at unruly balls and mallets were distinctly blue.

But all the *Ententes Cordiales* in the world will never reconcile the French and English difference of ideas regarding sport. The French will everlasting shoot foxes and play winter-croquet, and hardly look upon a sport as sport at all unless a uniform of some sort can be worn in its practice. For fox-shooting they dress up either in green or in khaki. Their uniform for winter-croquet is less picturesque, and consists mainly of blue noses, purple mufflers, and a cold.

There is one moment in the *Variétés Revue* when, to the old playgoer, whether he be a Londoner or a Parisian, laughter gives place to feelings of emotion, and that is as, with eyes cast down and now and then a glance of shy embarrassment, Anna Judic makes her first entry. We know that Judic must be fifty-four—our books of reference say so—but the old playgoer who sat next me the other evening and answered my question about her age with, "Judic has the age of her smile," was indubitably right, for Anna Judic never was and never will be more than twenty-five. She is an incarnation of St. Martin's Summer, a typical embodiment of France—not Paris, but the provincial France which is so like our own Southern counties; and though we felt almost a shock on her appearance, her long retirement having made many of us think that she was in a world where stages and stage-plays are not, she in "Paris aux Variétés" has shown us that art is not only long but ever youthful.

And it is thirty-seven years since Judic made her first bow on the stage. She was not seventeen then, and, for all that, took her place in the front rank with her one song, "La Cinquantaine." Soon after, she was receiving the then splendid salary of four pounds a month from the Director of the Gymnase, who was her uncle, Montigny, and, not long afterwards, the names of Offenbach and Anna Judic ranked side by side upon the play-bills and brought wealth and kudos to them both.

I wonder how it is that nobody has given credit to one quiet worker on this side of the Channel for the more cordial and better understanding between France and England. His name is Jules Verne, who year by year, and often twice a-year, has published books which are read more widely by the younger generations of both nations than works by any other author, and his hundred-and-first book, "Bourses de Voyage," is lying on my table as I write. I have the privilege of close acquaintanceship with the veteran, and rarely pass through Amiens Station without stealing an hour for a call upon "Monsieur Jules," as all Amiens calls him. I know, therefore, how great the old man's admiration is for England, and for many, if not all, things English, and also that his admiration for our education system is the greatest of them all. "Boys must learn to be men, and that is what your system teaches them," Jules Verne has often said to me, and in his last book he has brought the subject forward in his own inimitable fashion.

The "Bourses de Voyage" are a set of scholarships founded by Mrs. Kathleen Seymour for the pupils of "The Antillean School" in London. The school is for the children of Antilles colonists—and these are naturally of all nationalities—who, whether they be Danish, British, French, Dutch, Swedish, or what not, have learned to love and respect the qualities of other races among their schoolfellows. Mrs. Seymour's purses send the boys on their travels in a yacht freighted for the purpose, and the *Alert* visits all the islands of the Antilles group, from Santa Lucia in the Barbadoes to Antigua and Guadeloupe.

At last, after much petty squabbling and some legal intervention, it has been definitely decided that "La Montagnier" is to be played, if only for one night, by Madame Réjane and Coquelin *ainé* at the Théâtre de la Gaîté on March 1. M. Porel (Madame Réjane's husband, and, until very recently, her manager) considers that the play is his, however, and on the first night of its production it is just possible that, in accordance with French law, a huissier may step in and order a cessation of the show. We may, however, hope that anything of this kind will, before the play is ready for production, be prevented by a reconciliation between Madame Réjane and her husband. All Paris knows that they have had many and constant quarrels, and that there is much right and not a little wrong on either side. But all the friends of both Porel and Réjane know also that this wife and husband form an artistic complement one to the other, and hope that their divorce, marital as well as artistic, may be averted at the eleventh hour.



"BABIES FOR SALE": A PARISIAN CHRISTENING-CARD  
DESIGNED BY GEORGES REDON.

One especially, a charming scene representing three Roman peasant-maids, loaded with faggots, picking their way slowly and cautiously down the dry mountain-torrent bed to the valley below, deserves attention: the sun is made to light up the sandy, rocky path in the most exquisite manner imaginable, while the colouring of the trees all round and of the mountains in the distance is delightfully true to Nature. Again, in several views of Terracina and of the little island of Circe the effect of the sun as it sets on the glinting water is admirable, the red, glowing sky being beautifully executed.

Perhaps still more clever in this respect is a perfectly typical scene of a little wayside inn, or "Trattoria." By the door sits a peasant-girl hard at work, as Italian girls invariably are; upon her and upon the ground all round is thrown the exquisite shadows of the vine, trellis-work, and arbour which front the inn, whilst near by are the farm-carts and the utensils, and the usual paraphernalia of the country homestead, some in shade and others in sunlight, but all depicted in the most natural way possible, and showing in graphic manner the inimitable colouring of the sunny Campagna neighbourhood. The Villa d'Este, too, at Tivoli, has afforded ample material for pictures by the same painter. All English people who have been to Rome have visited, or ought to have visited, Tivoli; those who are now in Rome must try and pay a visit to the coming "Esposizione delle Belle Arti," for they will there see some charming scenes of the steps leading down to the Tivoli Garden, of the top of the flower-decked terraces, and of the still lakes of water in which are reflected the rows and rows of trees, flowers, and potted plants. Views, too, of Porto D'Anzio, of Anticoli-Corrado, Capri, and other parts of Italy will delight their eyes.

## PREPARING FOR WAR: JAPANESE SOLDIERS AT WORK.

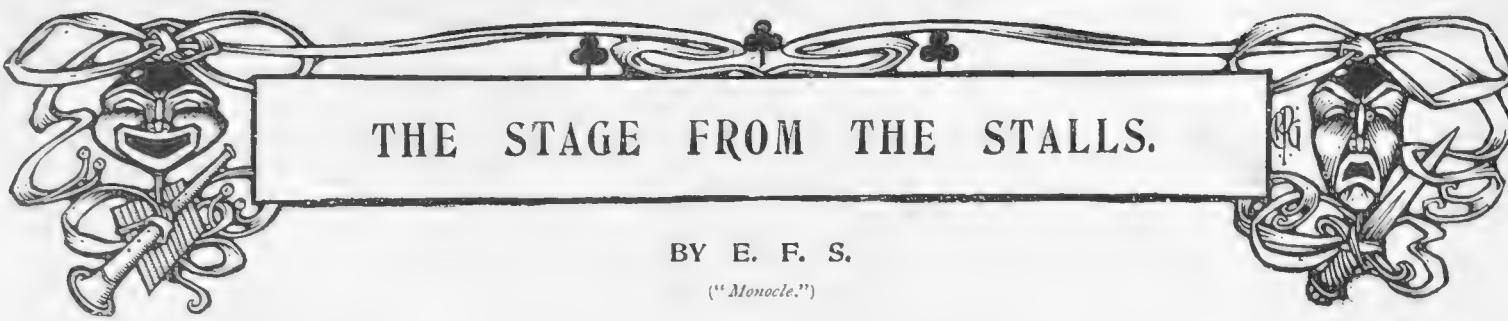


• INFANTRY FIRING IN ADVANCE OF ARTILLERY.



A FIELD-TELEGRAPH CORPS.

*Copyright Photographs by the Pictorial News Syndicate, Fleet Street.*



SAFETY IN THEATRES—STATE OF THE DRAMA.

THE subject is painful, but few are more deeply interested in the Chicago fire than dramatic critics who visit the theatre a hundred times or more a year, and at performances always crowded. The fact that impresses me most deeply in connection with the affair is that so many rules or by-laws were found to have been violated, not only at the Iroquois Theatre, but in other playhouses in the city—that Phoenix city of America which of all existing great cities of the world has had the most terrific experiences of fire. Would all our emergency doors open in case of need, all our fire-proof curtains descend and prove effective? I hope so. At the same time, I suggest that the very term "emergency exit" involves a suggestion of peril, since, as matters are arranged in many London theatres, the custom is for the visitors to the stalls and dress-circle to use the same door for entry and exit. This is far from an ideal arrangement: habit would assert itself in a panic, and all of us endeavour to escape by the door that gave us admission. It ought to be a regulation, I think, that we should be forced to become accustomed to use the so-called emergency exits by using them on all occasions. There is in certain cases the practical difficulty that there is only a carriage-approach to one entrance, and that the side-exits lead to alleys or small streets with no roadway for carriages or cabs, but some kind of awning could be contrived to meet this.

It must be remembered that in abnormal conditions, such as a state of panic, custom plays a very important part. There was merit in the old Drury Lane system of printing on the programme a plan of the exits. Unless it can be assumed that, in case of trouble, the audience can and will depart by the emergency exits as well as the customary avenues, catastrophe is certain at many theatres. Few are so bad as the old Lyceum, where visitors to the upper boxes came downstairs, to the stalls' upstairs, and to the dress-circle straight out on to a comparatively small landing, so that there was a kind of football "scrum" even when no danger was threatened; but in many this undesirable element, though in a less degree, plays an important part, and one cannot ignore the fact that at several theatres it takes a very long time to get out. A really rigid insistence upon the regulations, and a constant use of the emergency exits, would go far to render our audiences safe under the gravest circumstances. At the same time, it may be suggested that at some houses the ambiguous part of the floor which is half-a-crown pit or half-a-guinea stall according to circumstances rather than merit often on first-nights has seats placed too close to one another for safety, to say nothing of comfort. At any rate, I hope the County Council is not only stern in suggesting regulations, but vigilant in inspection. A big reward to a successful common informer in case of breach of the regulations might be a valuable safeguard. As a last sentence, I would suggest that the vital thing is to make the public acquainted with and accustomed to use all the exits of the building.

Mr. John Hare has been writing to the *Times* concerning the state of drama in London, and hard upon his letter comes the *Daily Mail's* interview with Mr. George Edwardes as to losses on musical comedy in London. Certainly the condition of things is strange; the number of theatres increases, the amount of money spent grows rapidly, the plays actually produced show improvement on the whole, more appears in print daily, weekly, and monthly about the stage than ever before, and yet there is a quite remarkable decline in the amount of drama given in town. At the moment that I am writing, twenty-one so-called West-End theatres are open; at five of them there are Christmas entertainments, irrelevant to my theme, leaving sixteen; in only eight of the remainder are non-musical plays being given. At three houses there is comic opera, and no less than five offer what may impolitely be called "incoherent" music-pieces. So eight dramas are opposed by eight musico-dramatic works, of which five, if not six, make no serious pretence to the degree of coherence or consistency essential in a work of art, however humble. The formula for these incoherents is simple. You start with a sort of plot and drop it after the end of the first Act, you spend the salary of a Lord Chancellor in mounting it, and even then, according to Mr. George Edwardes, though it runs a year or thereabouts to good business in London, you lose money in town and make your profit in the country or abroad. Mr. Edwardes's lament is rather amusing, seeing that he is chiefly responsible for the ridiculous rise in salaries and absurd costliness of productions. Considering the standard of talent displayed by the performers in the incoherent pieces, the salaries are manifestly absurd. I am not grumbling, but merely stating facts. It is an amazing state of things

that at this moment such a city as London should only have eight theatres open that are representing legitimate drama, the eight including a house devoted to German pieces played in German.

It might be argued that this shows a great love for music on the part of Londoners and their visitors, but, unfortunately, the recent history of the Savoy Theatre destroys this fond hope and forces one back to the proposition that the majority of playgoers prefer the incoherent pieces, not because they are better written or played than the others, and not on account of the quality of their music, but for some reason that seems to defy analysis or discovery. I say the majority because it must be remembered that, as a rule, nowadays the incoherent pieces enjoy far longer runs than the comic operas or legitimate dramas. It is noteworthy that the incoherent pieces have been sterile; the hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, spent on them have not produced a remarkable composer, librettist, or performer, and, though offering apparently great opportunities for dancing, they seem to have run almost dry even in this department. The Gaiety certainly produced several brilliant dancers, but now the one of really fine quality appearing in this class of work is Miss Hart-Dyke, who comes from comic opera. Perhaps it is not surprising that there should be this state of sterility. Mr. Sidney Jones appears to me the ablest musician who has worked for this form of entertainment, and he has abandoned it. I wonder whether the excision of a delightful number in "The Greek Slave," with chorus containing a line from "The Frogs," was the last straw?

Mr. Lionel Monckton has given us no opportunity of judging his limits: at present he seems the most noticeable product of this branch, and certainly many of his tunes have a wonderful degree of ingenuity and life, even if they lack higher qualities. At the beginning, Mr. Adrian Ross, working with enthusiasm, wrote lyrics of remarkable skill, but, since "words" with none of his style seem equally successful, he appears to have lost heart. One can hardly wonder that the writers of the "books" have accomplished little, seeing the subordinate position they have been required to occupy. These works have, no doubt, produced a stream of successful performers, but it is noticeable that the ablest performers there are not children of this school, but those such as Miss St. John, and Miss Marie Tempest, and Miss Evie Greene, who have come from comic opera. It seems, in relation to this, hardly fair to refer to the Savoy Company, now fallen from its high estate and lending lustre to "The Earl and the Girl." Of course, it would be unjust to blame the managers, or, indeed, any of the others behind the scenes, nor, indeed, is blame, strictly speaking, appropriate to the public: one may regret without reproaching. Perhaps we ourselves, the dramatic critics, might have taken a stronger stand, and tried to guide the public, though, even if we had, probably our efforts would have been quite unsuccessful.

Clearly, nothing can be done so long as luxurious Londoners—gluttons rather than epicures—cling to the idle, irresponsible, incoherent. It must remain the dominant feature, and Sir Henry Irving, the Kendals, and Mr. John Hare will only pay occasional, almost futile, visits with their Companies to the city wherein they once ruled. What would happen if the existing popular London actor-managers were to disappear goodness hardly knows. Some of us certainly have written many words concerning the actor-manager system that we ought to withdraw, seeing what a big part the system now plays in keeping drama alive in London at all. There may be signs of a reaction; the two latest Edwardes pieces belong to the coherent class; his lamentations concerning the cost of the incoherent, which when uttered some while ago did not bear expected fruit in the shape of increased prices, may forebode a determination to change. The success of one or two good farces or farcical comedies would affect the views of other managers. One thing is certain: we are at present remarkably rich in dramatists of established reputation and playwrights of proved ability who are awaiting a chance; and I, for one, do not believe in the croaking about the lack of competent players. There are some incompetents who cumber the stage, and there are many of fine quality cruelly tired of resting or tramping the provinces. Also, I fancy, there exists a large number of people, with no love of music or too keen ear for it to care about the incoherents, who would support any manager who presented modern English dramas competently and did not hamper himself by trying to combine the production of such works with bids for the patronage of those only to be drawn by extravagant show or strange sensationalism.



MISS GLADYS SAQUI, A FAVOURITE OF THE MUSICAL-COMEDY STAGE.

*Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

## FAR FROM THE LONDON FOG:

SOME TYPICAL VIEWS OF THE RIVIERA.



BOYS BATHING AT MENTONE.



CAMOGLI: A CHURCH BY THE SEA.



SANTA MARGHERITA.

A SQUALLY DAY ON THE COAST  
NEAR RAPALLO.

A PALM-GARDEN.



MARKET-DAY IN LAIGUEGLIA.

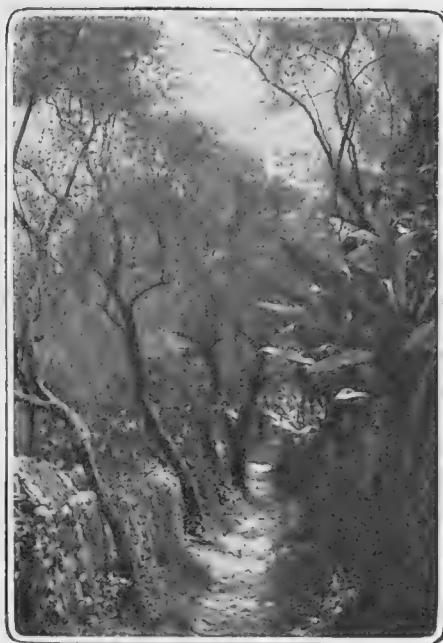


COTTAGES AT ALASSIO.

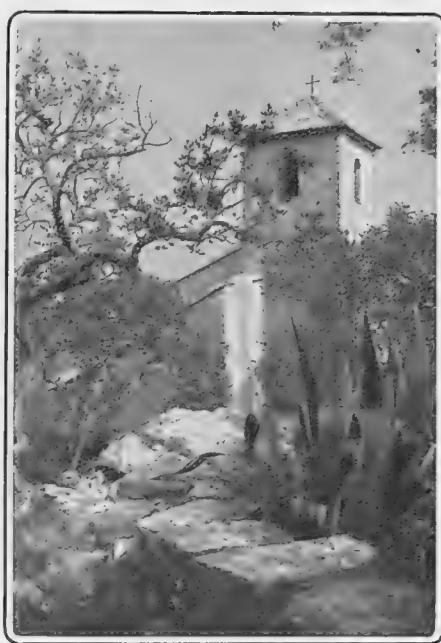
*Photographs by G. R. Ballance, St. Moritz.*

## FAR FROM THE LONDON FOG:

SOME TYPICAL VIEWS OF THE RIVIERA.



A SHADY BYWAY.



CHAPEL ON THE HILL AT ALASSIO.



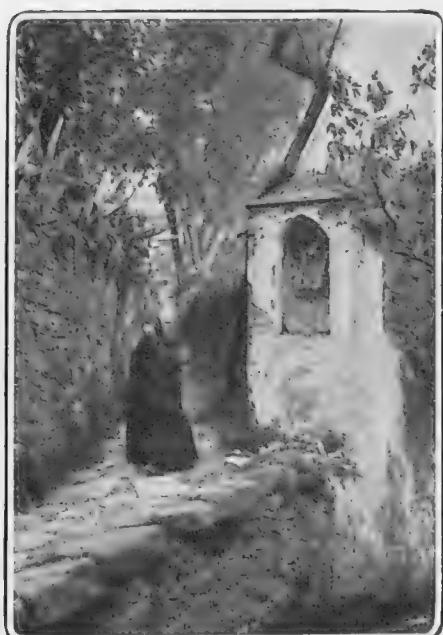
AN ITALIAN LANE.



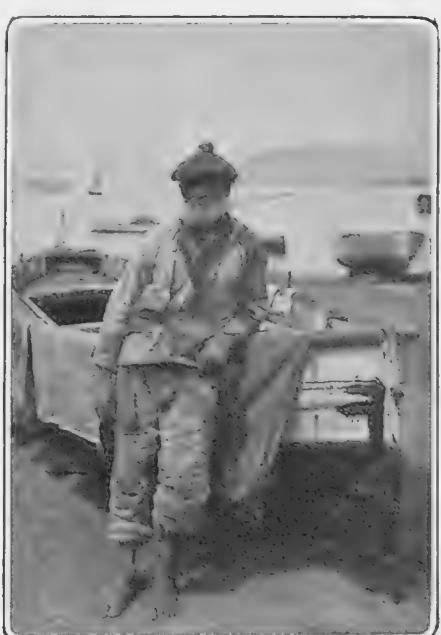
MENTONE, FROM THE BREAKWATER.



A MENTONE GARDEN.



A WAYSIDE SHRINE.



AN OLD SALT.



HOUSEWIVES.

*Photographs by G. R. Ballance, St. Moritz.*

## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I CONTINUE to read suggestions that the problem of the unemployed may be solved by sending them down to the country, where the British farmer awaits them, a smile of welcome on his face, and points to a cottage and a piece of ground for raising vegetables. In the hand that does not point to the cottage he holds fair wages—half-a-crown a-day, to be exact. Now there are some agricultural labourers left in rural England; I pass them rather frequently. They are not a very smart crowd; they do not suggest even remote descent from the sturdy countrymen whose cloth-yard shafts won so many battles for us across the Channel and the Border in days of the Plantagenets, but they are all strong men. Their work with the plough is supposed to cover an acre a-day: six acres for fifteen shillings. Is there a man among the unemployed who, after months of bad food and town air, could plough six acres properly in a fortnight?

My morning paper presents me with an abstract of Parisian comment upon the British attitude towards the late Herbert Spencer.

Paris thinks we have not mourned the loss of a great philosopher as a nation of our standing might have been expected to. The *Débats* is very severe. "Had he been a successful jockey, a cricketer, or a great football-player, instead of being merely one of the deepest thinkers of the nineteenth century, his death would have excited ten times as much interest." If the *Débats* is of opinion that the people who read halfpenny evening papers for betting-intelligence are representative of Great Britain's mental attitude towards her great men, I can only suggest that the Editor should get another London representative. I know a man I'm rather devoted to who could give them a more trustworthy point of view, but I'm too modest to name him.

I have been reading with great interest the articles sent by the Correspondent of my morning paper who went with Lord Curzon to the Persian Gulf, and, as Robert Barr said when he bought the *Idler*, "I advise everybody to do the same."

The Pirate Coast that witnessed the Viceroy's procession was once the terror of every ship passing through the Persian Gulf, and is a most fascinating and unexplored country to-day. There is just enough piracy along the Turkish littoral to lend a spice of adventure to life, and enough intrigue among the small Sultans and Sheikhs who rule in the district to keep British attention carefully focussed. Our maps, for the most part, are too small to enable us to realise the full extent of the territory this country must watch in the Persian Gulf. The Government of India has a policy of leaving tiny States alone while they are able to limp along unaided, and coming to their assistance when a state of anarchy seems the only other alternative. I would like to see a book written round Lord Curzon's recent journey, and I would read it very carefully—if sent to me for review.

I am hardly surprised to read in my paper that several theatrical managers think there is no danger in overcrowding. These high authorities point out, very rightly, that the great trouble resulting from a fire or an alarm of fire in a theatre is panic. Pit and gallery have exits in plenty. If people would keep their heads they would be safe, say the managers. The truth is obvious. At the same time, I do not think I would go to the manager of a theatre if I wanted to know whether it is wise to fill a house beyond its seating accommodation. I do not doubt for so much as half-a-minute that every manager is an honourable man, but is he unbiased? I would not ask a suburban station-master if the habit of packing fifteen people into a compartment made for ten is a safe and reasonable one. If, like Miss Rosa Dartle, I "wanted to know," I would be content to ask him whether it was the best way of earning money for the Company. That question would enable him to give an answer without prejudice.

In these troubled times, when wars and rumours of wars occupy so large a share of our thoughts, I am grateful to my morning paper for an article on British naval progress. It teaches me that in the year just departed this country added to its store a goodly weight of war-metal. Five battleships have been completed and commissioned, their names being *Duncan*, *Exmouth*, *Russell*, *Montagu*, and *Albemarle*. Eight armoured cruisers have been added to the fighting list: the *Drake*, *Leviathan*, *King Alfred*, *Monmouth*, *Bedford*, *Kent*, *Berwick*, and *Donegal*. The Chilian battleships, rechristened *Triumph* and *Swiftsure*, have fulfilled satisfactorily all the tests imposed by their late owners, but they have to do more before they can please my Lords of the Admiralty to satisfaction-point, and they are doing it as fast as they can. There are many more vessels in course of completion. I only wish it were possible to point out that we have too many warships and that there is no need for them. But, looking at my maps of the world just now, I find that our entire fleet can be squeezed into a very small expanse of the waters that lap troubled shores.



LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

"Vot colour shall Madame 'ave ze 'air dye zis time?"  
"Oh! Hush, hush! Keep it dark."

*Tennyson's Heroines.* \* *Drawn by A. Forestier.*

VI.—MARIANA.

"Low on her knees herself she cast,  
Before Our Lady murmur'd she :

Complaining, 'Mother, give me grace  
To help me of my weary load.' "

—"MARIANA IN THE SOUTH."

## THE YOUNGER GENERATION.



MISS PAULINE CHASE, PLAYING IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

## THE YOUNGER GENERATION.



MISS HELEN CAIRNS, APPEARING AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

*Photographs by Burow and Co., Goldhawk Road, W.*

MISS MURIEL CLAYTON, A BEAUTY OF THE LYRIC STAGE.



MISS MABELLE GILLMAN, THE POPULAR AMERICAN ACTRESS, IN HER LONDON HOME.

*Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*

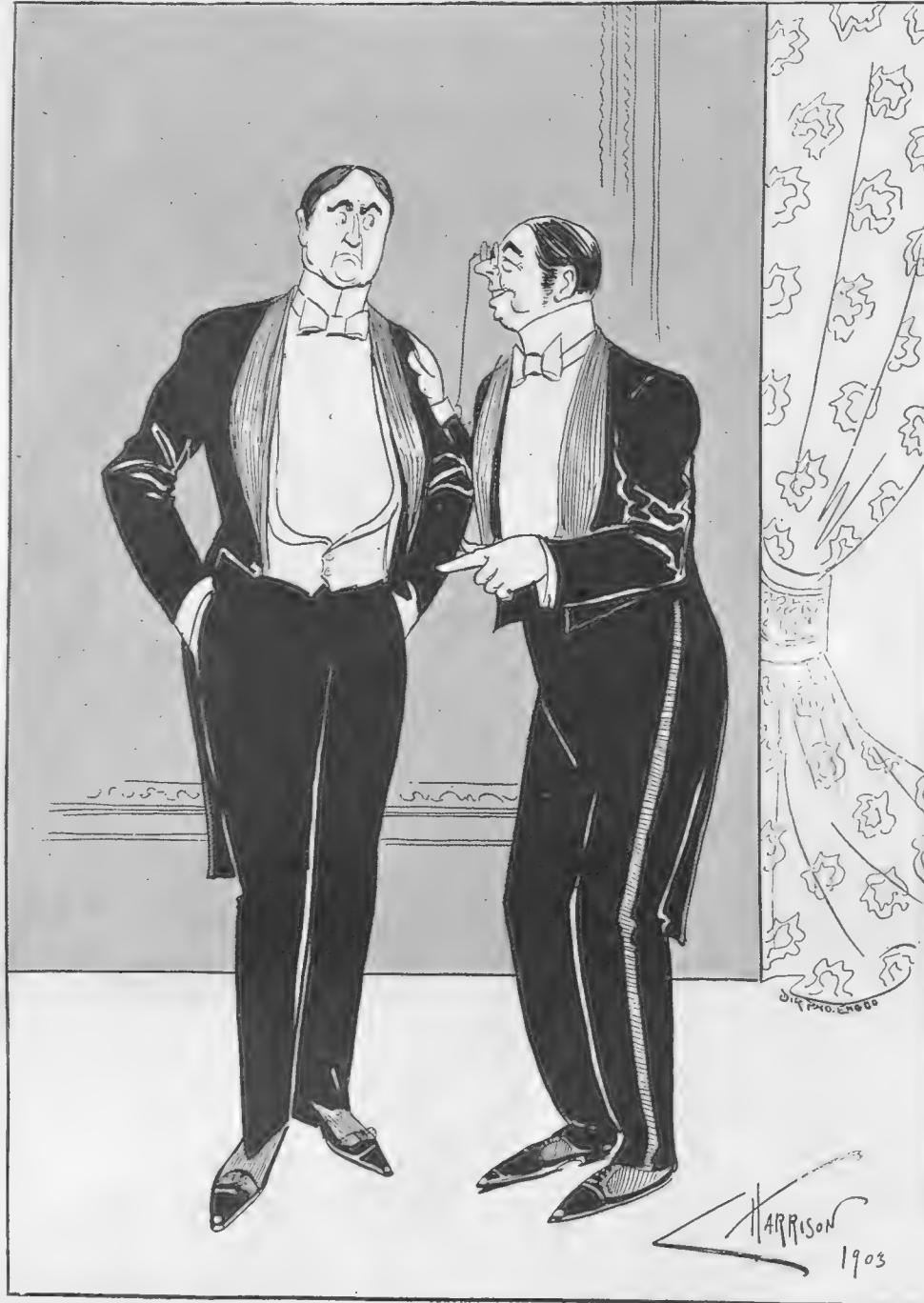
## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MISS ELISE C. OTTÉ died at Richmond in the end of the year at the advanced age of eighty-two. Though she had lived in seclusion for many years, she had a remarkable career and did much to make Scandinavian literature better known in England. In a charming obituary sketch in the *Athenaeum*, Mr. Gosse informs us that Miss Otté was a Dane by birth, and that her mother, a widow, married Benjamin Thorpe, the well-known philologist. From Thorpe Miss Otté received an extraordinary education. He treated her tyrannically, however, making demands on her time and labour which she found unendurable. Miss Otté went to America and became acquainted with Margaret Fuller. She was among those invited to join the Brook Farm experiment, but she declined to do so and pursued her studies at Harvard University. About 1849, she joined Professor Day and his wife at St. Andrews, and there she worked at scientific translations for some fourteen years. She removed with her friends to Torquay in 1863, and assisted Dr. Day till his death. Her arduous devotion brought on a painful form of spinal neuralgia. Coming back to London, Miss Otté published grammars, translations, a History of Scandinavia, and other works. If I am not mistaken, she contributed articles on Scandinavian subjects to some of the literary periodicals. But, in spite of her English and varied accomplishments, Miss Otté had no mastery of English style, and it was not until Mr. Gosse got the ear of English readers by his articles in the *Spectator* and elsewhere that Scandinavian literature became a subject of study and of interest in this country. Mr. Gosse, however, testifies that her conversation in her years of health was copious and marvellously illuminating.

Mr. Murray has published a translation of Montaigne's "Travels in Italy, by way of Switzerland and Germany," in three volumes. The editor is Mr. W. G. Waters, who seems to have done his work to admiration. There has been no English translation since 1842. The journal gives few details of manners and customs, but shows Montaigne's interest in famous men, in institutions, and in mechanical contrivances.

Mr. Percy Hurd has retired from the editorial chair of the *Outlook*. He was concerned in the establishment of the journal in February 1898, and has since been its Editor and Managing Director. The *Outlook* was an interesting experiment in various ways. It provided the public with a threepenny weekly review; and since then the *Plot* has adopted the same price. Another feature was the paragraphs by which the

paper was lightened. These were often very clever and readable, though little attempt was made to give early and exclusive information. The *Outlook* was the successor of the *New Review*, edited by Mr. Henley, but, as a rule, it has carefully abstained from the slashing style. Many clever young journalists have been employed on it, and its commercial position is understood to be satisfactory. But the supremacy of the *Spectator* has not been shaken by any of its rivals, and the *Spectator* adheres to its old traditions in everything except the assigning of a much larger space for Letters to the Editor.



PAGES FROM MY ALBUM OF BORES.

V.—THE MAN WHO WILL TELL YOU THE PLOT OF "LITTLE MARY."

him. It has been well said that he probably did more than any other man of letters to promote good feeling between England and America.

The January *Blackwood* is distinguished by the best portrait of Herbert Spencer that has yet been given to us. The writer has evidently been in long and close contact with the philosopher, and does full justice to the subject. He dwells on Spencer's power of thinking his own thoughts in platoons. The reading of a single page evoked a crowd of ideas which called for immediate utterance. "When he was dictating the most abstruse matter there was no visible effort. The eyes wore the far-away look of the thinker, while the face was in repose and the thoughts flowed on for hours with never a break."—o.o.

Professor Dowden has once more been reviewing Matthew Arnold's work as a critic. He draws a good distinction between Arnold and Pater when he says that Pater did his best work only when he was thoroughly informed by his theme, while with Arnold the chief matter in hand was certain ideas of his own, and the submissiveness of his mind bore in proportion to its resilience. Some readers have grumbled at Arnold's occasional choice of unimportant subjects. To this, Professor Dowden replies that, though the subjects are unimportant, the studies are almost as valuable as those devoted to more weighty themes. Thus, the real subject of the essay on Maurice de Guérin is Arnold's doctrine on the interpretative power of poetry. His Biblical criticism appears to Dr. Dowden in the highest degree fantastic. Nor does he think that Arnold ever discovered what was best and most characteristic in the poetical literature of the French people. Thus, he failed to estimate at its true worth the lyrical genius of Victor Hugo and the incomparable style of Racine.

Mr. Manville Fenn has produced for private circulation a memoir of the famous bibliographer, Mr. B. F. Stevens. Mr. Stevens was well known, and to know him was to love



## THE PENNY PANTOMIME.



A DOZEN of us linger outside the shop, making up our minds not to go in. It is a very ordinary shop, but it is disguised as a theatre. The whole window is screened by a canvas on which some nameless impressionist has depicted a violently coloured scene out of a proper pantomime. There is a Clown in it, with sausages, a red-hot poker, and a double-width smile; there is a Pantaloan, too, and a bewilderingly lovely, short-skirted Columbine; and leaping from a tailor's window in the background is a sprightly, half-masked Harlequin flourishing a wand, the

magic qualities of which are well known to be incalculable.

The gas being alight behind the canvas, its colours glow warmly on the chilly night and touch the squalid Whitechapel neighbourhood with glamourous suggestions of romance. Over the doorway a crude poster shrieks ecstatically—

THE PENNY PANTOMIME!!

Wit! Laughter!! Rollicking Merriment!!!

CLOWN .. Jimmy Gosling. PANTALOON .. Harry Todd.

HARLEQUIN and 2 COLUMBINES!!

ADMISSION 1d.

And in the doorway the showman is shouting himself hoarse and frantic over what may be seen inside for the money. He reiterates wildly that there isn't another pantomime like it in London, and, irritated by our lack of enthusiasm, he addresses us passionately as "Ladies and Gentlemen," and intimates that, when we have seen it, if we don't agree that it beats everything we ever saw in our lives before—why, then we can call him a liar. Whereupon, considerably impressed, we eye each other seriously, and cannot but feel that no man could possibly say fairer than that.

But most of us lingering outside are persons of tender years and of limited means: blue-nosed, shivering gentlemen of from five to eleven, or equally shivering and blue-nosed ladies of the same ages; and we hesitate, making up our minds not to go in, because a vast variety of joys may be acquired with a penny, but, unfortunately, you can't spend the same penny more than once.

Presently, with a cunning affectation of carelessness, the showman permits the curtain behind him to swing open a little, so as to tempt us with an alluring glimpse of the interior; and, peering in, we see a rather unadorned place brilliantly illuminated by four naked gas-jets. There are no seats, so the small audience already in waiting stands about patiently gossiping, or smoking, or whiling away the interval by dropping pennies into one or other of the automatic machines ranged round the walls and witnessing a sensational cricket-match between two leaden players or the spasmodic tossings of a heavily rigged yacht on a bumpy green-paper ocean.

Inside, too, there is music. A wheezy barrel-organ is pouring forth rollicking airs with a melancholy drone. Still, it is music, and the charm of it works upon us. We know the tunes, and can whistle them, or keep time to them, jiggling with our frozen heels on the pavement. And in the very thick of all this excitement, whilst the showman roars frantically and the organ rushes on headlong out of one tune into another, as if something inside it has given way and it can't stop—then, though it sounds too much like a fairy-tale to be easily believed, the curtain flaps, and there is the Clown himself standing beside the showman and letting us look at him for nothing. He makes a humorous grimace at us, and, just to give us a sample of what he can do, strikes a paralytic attitude, squints, and announces, in a queer, quavery old voice, "Now then! Just a-goin' to begin, ladies and gentlemen. All as don't come in 'll have to wait outside!"

We laugh to each other delightedly, satisfied that this is no painted imitation, but a real Clown, and feeling that it is impossible to resist him; and directly he turns to go in, with the organ suddenly bursting into—

O—o—o, the biz—ness!  
Things are beginning to hum,

a threadbare gentleman of eight pays his penny desperately, and the rest of us, old and young alike, are drawn irresistibly after him.

Our entrance fills the shop. It is a fairly large shop, the inner half of which is hidden behind a patched red curtain, and, as soon as the Clown disappears round the side of this, it is abruptly jerked back, and the pantomime is exposed.

Between ourselves—for it is no use trying to deceive you—the pantomime is not so good as the showman thinks it is. There is no scenery. That row of shops on the canvas in the window is an unwarrantable flight of imagination on the part of the artist; moreover, all the characters are already on the stage, and can't get off without coming out among the audience. The Clown is there, right enough; but the surprising thing is that he is feeble and stiff-jointed with years and rheumatism, and we had cherished a conviction that Clowns never grew old.

He is older than the Pantaloan, who yet is not young; he has lost several of his teeth; he has no sausages, and his red-hot poker is too obviously a common stick with a dab of paint on the end of it. In the matter of the Columbines the promise of the poster is amply fulfilled: there are two, and they are stout, and their united ages must be well over a hundred. But when you come to the Harlequin, the poster is entirely misleading, for there is none.

Also, it is disquieting to notice that the *dramatis personæ* go through their performance as joylessly as if they were automatic figures. The Clown distorts his visage, dances woodenly, and plays preposterous tricks on the Pantaloan, but his delight in them is a transparent mockery.

The Columbines pirouette in the same lifeless, mechanical fashion, pausing occasionally to wipe the perspiration from their stolid countenances with infinitesimal handkerchiefs carried in the folds of their inadequate skirts.

Throughout, since the shop is not licensed as a theatre, neither of them utters a word. The performance could scarcely be quieter or more mechanical if they were all marionettes. The whole thing is unreal past belief: a Pantaloan who is old, a Clown who is older, two Columbines who are grandmotherly and not beautiful; all of them disappointed and disheartened, with the glory of their lives left out of sight behind them—why, such phenomena are outrageously impossible, and the unreality of what we are looking at grows on us till we begin to have a hazy suspicion that it is only a fantastic nightmare, and presently we shall wake and find that we are still in our knickerbocker age, sitting at a real pantomime, and it is we that are tired and have unaccountably fallen asleep, and ourselves and the Clown and all the people of the pantomime have merely grown old in our dreams.

Yet nothing wakes us from that nightmare; and the old Pantaloan, the old Columbines, and the old, old Clown continue dancing, grimacing, gesticulating in this weird and ghostly pantomime as they used to play, with gusto and uproarious merriment, in real pantomimes long ago, when they were alive and young. It is very much as if the Wicked Fairy in their last real pantomime had cast a spell upon them one night in those far-off years, and so compelled them to go on with the performance, though the play is over, the foot-lights extinguished, and the scenery mouldered away; and still they must go on with this involuntary mummery, their dresses growing dingy and shabby as they grow older, till at last,

perhaps, that Harlequin the painter imagined will arrive and wave his magic wand, and either they will all turn youthful and light-footed and light-hearted again instantly or vanish altogether.

But no Harlequin comes, and those of us who are very young watch absorbed, so caught by the glamour of the gaudy costumes and painted faces that we are not conscious of the shabbiness or the weariness of them, or of the dull, underlying despondency; and those of us who are old enough to see ghosts do but smile resolutely, because we are sensitive about seeming to slight such pathetically obsolete merry-makers, and not, of course, because we are ashamed to have it suspected that we could be foolish enough to cry with anything but laughter. A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.





[DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.]

## SO NICE FOR TANNHÄUSER!

THE INTERIOR OF THE VENUSBERG (BEHIND THE SCENES, TEN DEGREES BELOW FREEZING-POINT).

CHORUS OF SIRENS: *Come to these bow-ers!  
Radiant with flow-ers!  
Here love shall bless you,  
Here endeth long-ing;  
Soft arms shall press you,  
'Mid blisses throng-ing.*



"'OO WANTS FREE FOOD?"

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

## THE HUMOURIST IN BOND STREET.



SCENE: AN UP-TO-DATE TEA-SHOP.

PEER'S DAUGHTER: Have you ordered, Madam?

MRS. 'ARRIS (gasping): No, indeed, Miss! I 'opes I knows my place better nor that!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

### THE DEFEAT OF MRS. GAYTHORNE.

By A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.



"There's really nothing in it!" said the Cousin, who was a bachelor, and bald.

"Except my life's unhappiness," said Mrs. Redenshall.

"That, of course, is for you to decide," said the Cousin, in the plain and sensible voice he found most medicinal for emotional young wives.

"Me! Me! Me! I like that!" cried Mrs. Redenshall, turning on the Cousin like a cyclone. "What have I had to do with it?"

"Not nearly enough, up to the present," said the Cousin. "But, now that you see a passive and quiescent attitude does not produce a satisfactory result—"

"For goodness' sake, don't talk cleverly when my heart is breaking!" said Mrs. Redenshall, and began to cry moistly into the Cousin's pet cushion.

Tears are the danger-lights of the quagmire known as sympathy. Wise cousins shape their path accordingly.

"If you behave like this at home, I am not surprised at your husband seeking the companionship of sane and cheery women," said the Cousin, still in the sensible voice.

"I don't believe you have a heart!" flashed Mrs. Redenshall, but she sat up and ceased spoiling the cushion.

"Dearest of cousins, there are plenty of men who would sympathise with you all you wished, but I want to help you," said the Cousin. "It is for that reason I do not encourage this display of foolish emotion, which can do neither of us any good, and which irritates one of us at least."

"No one would think you had any affection for me, to hear you talk," said Mrs. Redenshall, moistly.

"It is necessary to regard a problem clearly and dispassionately if one would effect an accurate solution," said the Cousin, retreating coldly behind his arm-chair, and resting his arms on the back in a maddening and judicial fashion. "You are at present distressed by the fact that your husband is an admirer of Mrs. Gaythorne's."

"He is her slave, her attaché, her dupé!" cried Mrs. Redenshall, with a wave of her ermine muff which demolished the meagre epithet altogether. "She is always ringing him up, or calling at his office, or sending for him, or writing to him, pretending to consult him!"

"So it's very reassuring to know that Mrs. Gaythorne is absolutely devoted to her husband and her children, and would, and does, go through fire and water for them," said the Cousin, tactfully.

"Devoted, when she flirts with every man she meets!" said Mrs. Redenshall.

"In such an open fashion that one can be sure she means no harm," said the Cousin. "She's had a hundred such affairs in the last six months. Everyone understands it's only Mrs. Gaythorne's little way. She's an accredited free-lance."

"It would be almost better if it were worse," said Mrs. Redenshall, who occasionally uttered a surprisingly shrewd remark. "As you say, everyone knows she and her husband are devoted. She is only an irresistible candle, and my husband is one of the moths. So I haven't even the consolation of despising her and feeling she has wronged me! I'm the one who is pitied, and my husband is thought an idiot!"

"It is one of the most curious ironies of life," said the Cousin, thoughtfully, "that the married man who sins is only thought a villain, but the married man who flirts is branded as a fool."

"I think epigrams are so stupid!" said Mrs. Redenshall.

"Yet there is some sense in mine," said the Cousin, sententiously. "They almost approach the adage."

"Well, what am I to do?" said Mrs. Redenshall. "Take no notice?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" said the Cousin. "We can't let Mrs. Gaythorne have it all her own way."

"I tried letting him see how much I minded, when their friendship began," said Mrs. Redenshall, "but it only made him angry. He said I was unjust and silly."

"Most silly," said the Cousin, "to infuriate an opponent whom you wanted to conciliate!"

"Then I tried flirting myself, to make him jealous," said Mrs. Redenshall.

The Cousin looked a question. Mrs. Redenshall nodded a sheepish affirmative.

"When I dined with you, and drove with you, and we went to the Gaiety, and—oh, you know!"

"And that didn't work?" said the Cousin, trying to look pleasantly amused at its evident futility.

"No!" Mrs. Redenshall shook her head mournfully. "He didn't mind a bit! Of course, he trusts you so implicitly," said Mrs. Redenshall, suddenly remembering that few men like to be told that they are harmless.

"If you will marry an attractive Adonis, who's a rising young diplomat into the bargain, you must expect him to interest other women besides yourself," said the Cousin. "You might have enjoyed the monopoly of a plain, stupid, not too good-natured—"

"We should never have been happy, Fred," said Mrs. Redenshall, who is not always clever.

"I am by no means stupid," said the Cousin, more than a little piqued; "and therefore the domesticities of married life have never for one moment entered my head as being attractive or desirable. You will turn everything into personalities, rather pointless personalities in this case!"

"You don't know the meaning of the word 'love,'" said Mrs. Redenshall, in no way affected by the Cousin's plain rebuff; "but I do, and my heart is b—b—breaking!"

"Have you ever let your husband see you make this exhibition of yourself?" said the Cousin, coolly.

"Thank you!" said Mrs. Redenshall, with an annihilating glance, but sitting up again. "I haven't spoken to him for a week, and I shan't do while he's so friendly with that woman. I have a little pride!"

"Pride is an overrated weapon," said the Cousin. "To begin with, it's foolish to use a weapon that hurts yourself; and, if you want to draw your husband back undamaged, it's no use breaking his spirit, or destroying his self-respect, or spoiling his temper, as you run the risk of doing if you employ such an antiquated weapon with which to bring him back into the fold."

"Oh, how can you joke about my wretchedness?" said Mrs. Redenshall, and the Cousin thanked his stars he did not live with a woman.

"Humour is the disinfectant of emotion," said the Cousin. "If women could keep their sense of humour when they fall in love, marriage would be turned from a weary pilgrimage through a waste of tears into a shining El Dorado."

"I have a sense of humour!" said Mrs. Redenshall, indignantly.

"Once on a time, before you fell in love," said the Cousin. "And may I recall to you how devoted your husband was then?"

"He wasn't sure of me, as he is now," said Mrs. Redenshall. "Oh, what am I to do to win his love again? I've tried everything that I can think of! New frocks, and he doesn't even notice them!"

"As long as you pull, man never will come," said the Cousin. "Loose the string, and he may rebound into your arms. Give him up altogether."

"You don't mean that I'm to leave him?" said Mrs. Redenshall, very white and tragic.

"Good heavens, no!" said the Cousin. "That would be throwing yourself at his feet! You mustn't let him see you care at all. Hang it all! Don't care! Stay and be happy! Buck up! Snap your fingers in his face, and tell him to go to—Mrs. Gaythorne, with all the goodwill in the world! Face the matter bravely, humorously! Open the windows and let in the sunlight on to the secret you've been hugging and fostering and watering with your tears! Don't you know that darkness encourages fungus-growths. You say all your friends know about Redenshall's infatuation. Well, if they do, don't hide the fact that you know, too. Accept it with a laugh. Show everyone

you're sure of your husband's love—as you are, as you are!" said the Cousin, coming suddenly upon Mrs. Redenshall as he thundered up and down the room.

"Oh, I know he really cares for me," sobbed Mrs. Redenshall, breaking down altogether under the Cousin's Jove-like gaze.

"Then it's your own fault if you are humiliated," said the Cousin.

"Oh, but if she is in love!" said Mrs. Redenshall.

"Women with eyes like Mrs. Gaythorne's don't fall in love," said the Cousin. "Has it never occurred to you that the Gaythornes are rather impecunious and exceedingly ambitious people, and that Mr. Gaythorne is in the position best described as 'looking about'?"

"Well?" said Mrs. Redenshall.

"Redenshall is Secretary to the Chief at the Foreign Office, where appointments come from," said the Cousin. "Has it, also, never occurred to you that there's a very nice little post in Vienna which will soon be vacant?"

"You think it has occurred to Mrs. Gaythorne?" said Mrs. Redenshall, looking at the Cousin with singularly wide-open eyes.

"The idea flashed through my mind when I was seeking for a reason to account for the obvious fact that Gaythorne is no more jealous of your husband than your husband is of me," said the Cousin, who was only human.

Strangely enough, this little hit seemed to infuriate Mrs. Redenshall more than anything.

"So my husband is being used as a cat's-paw, is he?" said Mrs. Redenshall, and she collected her furs. "We shall see!"

"Going to tell Redenshall your discovery?" said the Cousin, carelessly.

Mrs. Redenshall paused in the midst of her evolutions with her boa, and assumed a look of slight uneasiness.

"Of course!" said she.

"Oh, certainly, of course," said the Cousin, "if you wish Gaythorne to be appointed!"

"You think it will make my husband give it him?" said Mrs. Redenshall, suspending operations on the boa.

The Cousin shrugged his shoulders politely.

"If I had been so foolish as to marry, and my wife came to me and told me I was being made a fool of, and warned me where my folly was leading me, nothing on this earth would move me from my downward path," said the Cousin. "I should have to pursue it, if only to show my independence."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Redenshall, who was not unacquainted with her husband's nature. "Then I'm to say nothing about Vienna?"

"Never criticise your husband correctly," said the Cousin. "He'll never forgive it. That's why men don't marry clever women."

"I'm to let her have her way?" said Mrs. Redenshall, with an adequate amount of expression in her voice.

The Cousin advanced to the table and patted his fingers on it.

"Once upon a time," said the Cousin, "when I was very young and callow, I knew Mrs. Gaythorne. At that time she was trying to push Gaythorne in the City. I was in a stockbroker's office, a big stockbroker's, where secrets flourished."

"Well, I know all that—I mean, about the stockbroker," said Mrs. Redenshall, impatiently.

"Mrs. Gaythorne took me up," said the Cousin. "It was not her fault that I kept my head, and my honour! When she found out I was an idealist as well as a sentimentalist—"

"You!" said Mrs. Redenshall.

"She dropped me with great promptitude. I am not a rich man now, and I mayn't have much influence, but Mrs. Gaythorne was foolish to have torn the veil from my youthful eyes with such indecent roughness. That's all," said the Cousin, and he leant against the mantelpiece with studied calm.

"I knew she was a cat!" said Mrs. Redenshall.

"A siren!" said the Cousin. "And turns men into brutish things!"

"I trust my husband," said Mrs. Redenshall, with a superb light in her eyes. "If he realised what he was doing— If a friend told him!" She broke off with a little, appealing glance.

"No, thank you," said the Cousin, with great firmness. "I never give advice to men friends. They don't appreciate it. Advice should be strictly reserved as a means of communication between the sexes."

"You're so clever!" said Mrs. Redenshall. "I know you could find a way out, if you really thought."

"Of course, there is only one course to pursue," said the Cousin. "Apologetical."

"Apologise!" said Mrs. Redenshall, with a stare that was even more blank than indignant. "To my husband or to Mrs. Gaythorne?" Mrs. Redenshall affected the icily satirical.

"Both," said the Cousin, lighting a cigarette with irritating insouciance. "First to your husband, for being so ridiculously cross

and stupid about poor Mrs. Gaythorne. Say you know how hard it is for a woman who has no accepted social position—"

"You mean, be magnanimous?" said Mrs. Redenshall, rather doubtfully.

"Not foolishly so," said the Cousin. "As I said, you can apologise to Mrs. Gaythorne, too."

"And what for, I should like to know?" said Mrs. Redenshall, and the tone of her voice was no longer doubtful.

"For not having had time to call on her, in spite of Redenshall's requests," said the Cousin.

"What?" blazed Mrs. Redenshall.

"Then you will proceed to envy her immunity from social ties, which leaves her free to spend long, lazy afternoons at home," said the Cousin; "and say you are so sorry for her troubles and want to do your very best to help her, if only you had a little time. That will do to go on with, I think," and the Cousin's smile was not wholly removed from the malicious.

Mrs. Redenshall's expression was a trifle pensive.

"It's just a little cruel, isn't it?" said Mrs. Redenshall.

"Like the surgeon's knife," said the Cousin. "This is a case for drastic remedies. Besides, has Mrs. Gaythorne ever considered you?"

"N—no," said Mrs. Redenshall, and she looked a little reassured.

"It's a pitched battle," said the Cousin. "Go in and win! All's fair in women's war!"

"I hear!" said Mrs. Redenshall, and now her eyes shone proudly.

"She'll be parading Redenshall at the Bazaar to-morrow," said the Cousin, and he tucked the rug round Mrs. Redenshall.

"I know," said Mrs. Redenshall, sitting very straight and stiff in her victoria.

"Strike while the temper's hot," said the Cousin.

"I will!" said Mrs. Redenshall.

"I don't know how I'm going to tell you," said Mrs. Redenshall.

The Cousin was finishing a late and lengthy breakfast; Mrs. Redenshall hesitated in the doorway, her eyes ashamed; her face half-smiles, half-penitent.

"They were at the Bazaar together," said Mrs. Redenshall, and she approached the table and gazed down at a pot of caviare, confusedly, it almost seemed. "I didn't wait for Frank to come to me, I went up to them. He said, would we like some tea, and left us."

"With a clear field?" said the Cousin.

"Ye—es," said Mrs. Redenshall, helping herself to a little caviare. "I—I began as you told me; I said my husband had spoken of her troubles, and I was so very sorry; and she held up her head and looked at me, and—suddenly I was sorry, truly sorry. I saw in that moment she was used to being snubbed because she was pretty and poor; and her husband doesn't look after her, she has to fight for him; and she loves him and her children, and every woman's hand is against her, because men are the only tools she has to carve out her husband's way to fortune."

Mrs. Redenshall paused, breathless, shamefaced, but defiant.

"I didn't think you were weak—," began the Cousin.

"Then she saw I was sorry," said Mrs. Redenshall, "and she told me everything; and Frank came back, and she told him I was an angel, and he said that was no news to him, and we all had tea together; and, going home" (Mrs. Redenshall looked down again), "Frank thanked me, too, and I—I said I didn't blame him one little bit for giving Mr. Gaythorne the Viennese appointment; and he was horrified!"

Mrs. Redenshall's voice rang out superbly.

"He said his friendship with Mrs. Gaythorne would make him veto Gaythorne's application. Frank is so honourable. So I—I pleaded with him—"

"And he gave in?" said the Cousin, cynically.

"He gave in," said Mrs. Redenshall; "and—and—that's all!"

Mrs. Redenshall crunched her toast with would-be carelessness, but her eyes sought the Cousin. He scraped out the small remainder of the caviare in icy silence.

"Suppose you think me a fool?" said Mrs. Redenshall, with a rather defiant little laugh.

The Cousin raised his eyebrows in polite acceptance of the statement.

"I can tell you this," said Mrs. Redenshall, "it was the only way to—win back Frank's confidence."

"If your reasoning faculties told you—," began the Cousin.

"It was my heart," said Mrs. Redenshall.

"If you are going to talk sentiment—," began the Cousin.

A sudden whirlwind of violets and furs enveloped him, a tearful, laughing little face touched his.

"Idiot! I'm so happy!" said Mrs. Redenshall. "Why don't you get married, you cynical old thing?"



THE



END.





A WEATHER FORECAST: "SOME SHOWERS."

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS "THE CHERRY GIRL," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.  
FROM A DRAWING BY MRS. LEE HANKEY.



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



AS in the case of the "unmerciful disaster" mentioned by the poet Poe, new plays threaten to "follow fast and follow faster" within the next week or two. For example, the "Swift and Vanessa" drama will, I have good reason to believe, be speedily followed by other plays of an early eighteenth-century type. Among these may be included another adaptation of Thackeray's "Esmond" (never yet very successful in stage-form); a new play which has, I hear, been written around that shrewd Apologist for his life, namely, Colley Cibber; and two Sir Roger de Coverley comedies, both by well-known dramatists.

And now it becomes necessary to consider some question of the more or less modern-period new plays promised for production in the immediate future. The first of these is Captain Robert Marshall's new comedy, "The Earl of Killiecrankie," which, according to present arrangements, is due at the Criterion next Saturday, in place of Mr. H. V. Esmond's comedy, "Billy's Little Love Affair," just withdrawn. The Duke will be enacted by Mr. Grahame Browne, in place of Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who has retired, *pro tem.*, by reason of a family bereavement; Miss Eva Moore is cast for a fine acting part called Lady Henrietta Addison; and Mr. Weedon Grossmith will represent an eccentric M.P. named Mr. Henry Pitt-Welby. In short, Messrs. Charles Frohman and Arthur Chudleigh, who are responsible for the production, have engaged a thoroughly capable cast.

The next important West-End production will be Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "Joseph Entangled." Messrs. Harrison and Maude state that, other things being equal, they will submit this play at the Haymarket next Tuesday evening, the 19th inst. Mr. Jones's latest is cast in the lightest and brightest comedy mould. Mr. Cyril Maude's character, Sir Joseph Lacy, promises to be full of fine opportunities for that fine comedian. Mr. Herbert Waring has a



MR. H. J. FORD AS PAPILLON (THE PART CREATED BY MR. COURTICE POUNDS) IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC," AT THE LYRIC.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

strong part as Rudolph Mayne, husband of the sometime perplexed Lady Verona, to be enacted by the fascinating Miss Ellis Jeffreys. Mr. Charles Sugden has a very quaint character as Jermyn Pyecroft; and Mr. Edmund Maurice has an eccentric part called Professor Tofield and described as "Jobsonian Professor of Moral Philosophy."

Few younger playgoers who witness Mrs. Calvert's clever impersonations of difficult low-comedy characters would think that, in her early days, she was a very pathetic and powerful representative of the heroines of melodrama and even of the higher tragedy. Yet so it was and, even before her Shaksperian successes with her late husband, the celebrated Manchester "producer," she was wont to draw tears at the Surrey and such suburban houses, and, indeed, she came out at that old "blood-and-thunder" playhouse, the "Bower Saloon," of which her father, Mr. Biddle, was the proprietor. At the same theatre many another afterwards renowned stage-player graduated, including Mr. James Fernandez and Miss Henrietta Hodson, now Mrs. Labouchere.

It is necessary to note that two events of importance in theatrical circles are fixed for next Saturday week, the 23rd inst. One is the last performance in London for a long while to come of Mr. Willard, who must then finish his St. James's season in order that Mr. George Alexander may make his re-entry

there on the following Monday in "Old Heidelberg." The other fixture for the 23rd is the production at Terry's of Captain Basil Hood's new comedy, which is still (at the moment of writing) called "Love in a Cottage."

Of course, the most interesting announcement of the many forthcoming new plays is that concerning the comedy which Mr. W. S. Gilbert has written for the Garrick, of which playhouse he is the landlord. Mr. Gilbert's present tenant, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, is fortunate in securing a play from the too-long-idle Gilbertian pen.



HERBERT CAMPBELL AS "KING SOLUMM."



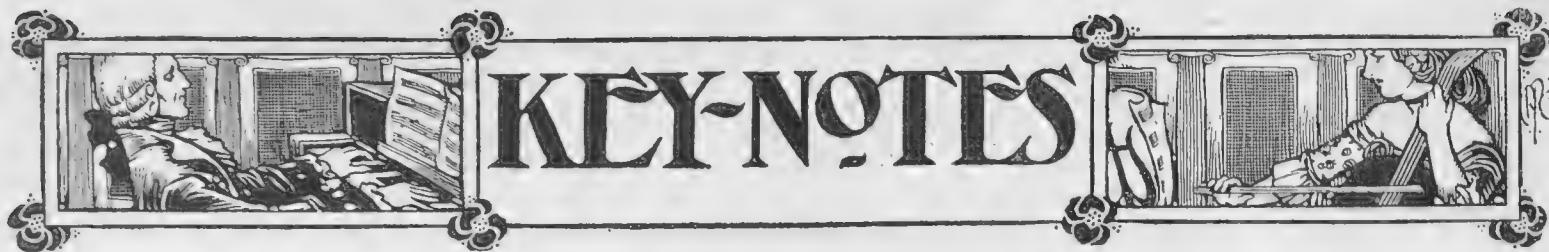
HARRY RANDALL AS "LITTLE MARY."



GEORGE BASTOW AS "PETER."

THREE POPULAR COMEDIANS IN "HUMPTY-DUMPTY," AT DRURY LANE.

Photographs by Davey.



NEW YEAR'S DAY is always looked upon as a day of music "on the higher scale." That is to say, although it is by no means set apart for small, for minor concerts, there are given, on this occasion, one or two hardly annuals which are to be described emphatically as "survivals of the fittest." Handel's "Messiah" at the Albert Hall, for example, is an almost necessary adjunct to this particular occasion, and it is a good thing to be able to record that there was an excellent attendance in connection with the performance there on the first of the month. Musicians, of course, have now come to agree thoroughly with Sir Frederick Bridge's most determined attitude towards the score of that universally known work. At first, the suppression of the Mozart accompaniments was by many regarded as something of a sacrilege. It seems very curious that admirers of Handel had not combined before in taking precisely the opposite point of view. No doubt, Mozart, working for a special occasion, where Handel's actual scoring was impossible of accomplishment at the moment, did everything in his power to save the dignity of the score. But one may trust

that he would have been the last man to desire that his *rédition* should supersede Handel's original composition.



MR. HERBERT FRYER, THE CLEVER PIANIST TOURING WITH MISS MARIE HALL.

Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.

"He was despised" wonderfully well, and in "O, Thou that Tellest" she sacrificed, in a very remarkable manner, her sentiment of sheer strength to her feeling for delicacy. Madame de Vere, Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and Mr. Watkin Mills were the other chief soloists of the evening, and the orchestra was, throughout the evening, extremely good. The chorus was of variable excellence. Such a result, when one considers the huge bulk of that chorus, was quite unavoidable. There must at times, under such circumstances, be a certain disproportion between the parts, a defect not to be remedied by all Sir Frederick Bridge's wonderful alertness and vitality.

Mr. Emil Paur was the conductor of the Queen's Hall Concert, given also on New Year's Day, but in the afternoon. He conducted the Queen's Hall Orchestra by reason of the fact that Mr. H. J. Wood is still away on his American tour. There is one advantage to be reaped by every new conductor of talent who takes the Queen's Hall Orchestra under his bâton. He is in the possession of an instrument—for in these days of great conductors we have learned to regard the orchestra as an instrument—most sensitive to every new impression and ready to respond immediately to any real artistic personality.

Mr. Paur's reading of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (in C Minor) was, for example, quite different from that of Mr. Henry Wood; yet this fine orchestra went along the way appointed for it by Mr. Paur unswervingly and unhesitatingly. These players really caught his enthusiasm, and showed, in every respect, the fineness of their training,

and of his reading. Madame Olitzka was the vocalist of the concert, which also included a very fine performance of the Overture to Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," played, it may be said, in an atmosphere of really genuine orchestral excitement.

COMMON CHORD.

Miss Bridson seems likely to prove a formidable rival to the many violinists whose fame is now assured. Miss Bridson studied, as have done all our more successful players, abroad, but even when constantly playing in public she spends most of her working hours practising, for the fiddle is a hard master and exacts entire devotion from those who wish to follow in the footsteps of Paganini.

The musical season of the year just passed away was remarkable for the number of young players who made more or less successful appeals to the London public. Among those whose efforts come in the first category must be ranked Mr. Herbert Fryer, the gifted young pianist, whose recitals were much appreciated by the many who are glad to encourage native talent. Mr. Fryer is not only a pianist of great promise, but a composer also of no mean ability. At present he is touring the provinces with Miss Marie Hall, the brilliant young violinist, who is another proof, if one were needed, that England is not an utterly unmusical nation.



MISS DOROTHY BRIDSON, A PROMISING YOUNG VIOLINIST.

Photograph by Lena Connell, Grove End Road, N.W.

Mr. Felix Moscheles is not only a great artist and a distinguished writer, but at the present moment his personality is distinctly topical, for he is the Chairman of the International Arbitration and Peace Association.

The son of a well-known musical composer who was an intimate friend of the great Mendelssohn, Mr. Felix Moscheles is the godson and namesake of that most sweet singer. He early decided to be an artist, and spent his youth studying hard in the various capitals of Europe. He has exhibited at all the "leading picture-shows," including the Salon and the Academy. Mr. Moscheles has written several books, including a charming volume, "In Bohemia with Du Maurier." He has also published innumerable pamphlets dealing with the important Peace Question.



MR. FELIX MOSCHELES, A GODSON OF MENDELSSOHN.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



English Competitors in the Gordon Bennett Race—The Doctor and the Car—“The Renard” Motor-Train.

ONCE a fleet of automobile fliers will compete for the honour of representing this country in the Gordon Bennett race next June. As things go at present, there are no less than five Napier, three Darracqs, three Huttons, and three Wolseleys entered with the Club for participation in the Eliminating Trials, which are to be held over the Circuit des Ardennes course, by the permission of the Belgian Government and with the approval of the Brussels Automobile Club. It is a curious reflection upon the ways, manners, and customs of the people of these islands that our Club has to go abroad, cap in hand, craving for a few miles of foreign road upon which to settle what cars of British make shall face the starter for England in the great race. There could be no stronger comment upon the crass prejudice which has been shown and is still being shown all up and down the country against the automobile movement, because our forefathers took unto their hearts an equine quadruped, placed it on high, and called it a god, or something very near it. And yet we have been deemed a practical people. However, that by the way.

far between that they really need only compare with horse-sickness, lameness, or a cast shoe. And the source of mechanical trouble is, in nine cases out of ten, much more quickly diagnosed and put right than the derangements of the equine animal. In the course of some interesting correspondence in the columns of the *Lancet*, I notice that, wherever the medico writing has become possessed of a good car, he has found its running charges and upkeep to compare most favourably with his previously owned horses.

A London practitioner who has owned a  $3\frac{1}{2}$  horse-power Voiturette for just upon three and a-half years shows the saving to his pocket to average no less than seventy pounds per annum, quite a considerable sum. The yearly distance covered is given as five thousand five hundred miles. Curiously enough, none of these gentlemen lay any stress upon the fact that it does not matter to a motor-car how long it stands outside a patient's door (at least, so long as the thermometer is not too low), and that, put away with everything ready for a start, it



“THE RENARD” MOTOR-TRAIN WHICH RAN THROUGH THE STREETS OF PARIS AND WAS INSPECTED BY M. LOUBET.

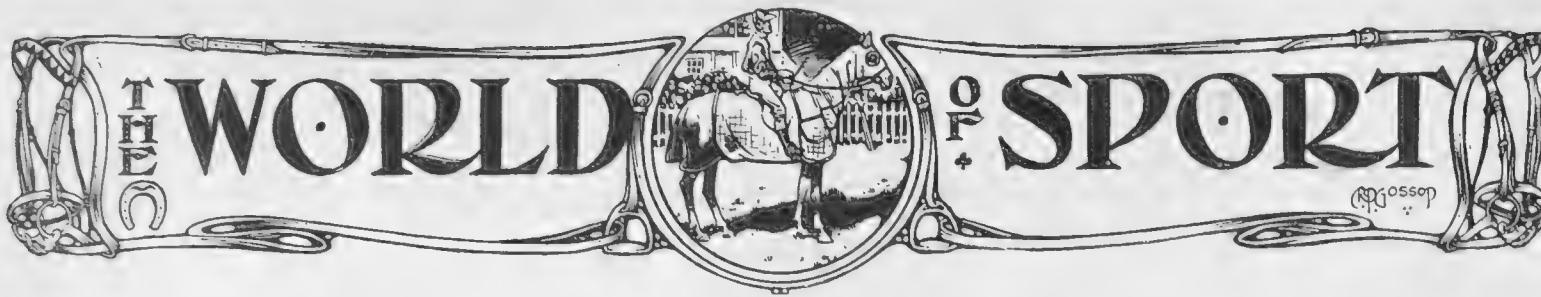
Photograph by C. Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris.

Apropos of the Gordon Bennett race and the English cars entered, much regret will be felt at the fact that Mr. Charles Jarrott will not be at the wheel of either of the British cars. Mr. Jarrott's business interests are bound up with the De Dietrich cars, which he, with his partner, Mr. Letts, import into this country, and it will be a De Dietrich car that Mr. Jarrott will attempt to steer to victory, first, in the French Eliminating Tests, and, if successful, in the big race itself. Naturally, we must yearn for the success of our own cars, but, lacking fortune for these, English automobilists would gladly welcome the victory of “Charlie” Jarrott. All things considered, it will not be an easy thing to discover drivers for the three English cars, whatever they may be. Mr. Edge has not enjoyed the best of health of late, and, if he is to be in possession of all his old nerve and verve on the great day, will want to take a great deal of care of himself. Hutton has only been proven in short-distance races as yet, although, I believe, with luck he would show up well. Mark Mayhew has the confidence of the Napier interest because he passed no less than eighty cars safely in the Paris-Bordeaux stage of the ill-fated Paris-Madrid race which gave us the 1903 Act and wrought all our woe. Other than these three, the outlook to me seems blank enough, but the moment may produce the man.

Gradually medical men both in town and country, particularly in the country, are coming round to the opinion that the motor-car is infinitely preferable to the horse for their daily rounds. Presuming a vehicle of reputable make, the occasions upon which trouble arises are so few and

comes out of garage as fit and as fresh after it has been there five minutes as if it had rested for hours. This is not the case with the “nobil anymile which is very usefull to man,” as poor Artemus Ward used to put it.

One of the developments of the future seems likely to be the motor-train, which, unlike its steam-driven predecessor, will be independent of rails and run on ordinary roads, thus effecting an enormous saving in initial outlay and maintenance charges. Proof positive that the motor-train is a workable invention was given in Paris a week or two ago, when Colonel Renard, Major Renard, and M. Surcouf took their motor-train of five crowded cars for a turn in the vicinity of the Madeleine. After a tour through various streets thronged with traffic and eager spectators, the motor-train entered the courtyard of the Elysée. There it brought up in grand style exactly opposite the steps leading to the main entrance, and was inspected by M. Loubet, who warmly congratulated the inventors. The different vehicles, it seems, are not merely coupled together, but connected in such a way that the motor on the leading car actuates separate gear on each of the other cars. Thus there is no traction on the train from the engine, as each car is directly propelled, but the steering-gear of the whole is controlled from the leading vehicle. In crowded city streets the motor-train would be quite out of place, but it should have its uses on country roads, and the day—or rather, night—may come when Fleet Street and the Strand will see motor-trains laden with fruit from the gardens of Kent on their way to Covent Garden.



*Spring Entries—Handicapping—Accidents—Telephoning—The Classics.*

AS I predicted would be the case, the Spring Handicaps have yielded well in the matter of entries, and quality is well represented in the majority of the races. I have for some time had no end of tips for the Lincoln Handicap. Many of the reputed "good things" have not entered, but those who have been nominated are Speculator, Cossack, Wolfshall, Ypsilanti, and Kunstler. These may be put down as being the sharps' tips for the race. I must admit that one or two of the above are dangerous, as their class should get them home. Lincoln is a sprinter's course that should suit both Speculator and Wolfshall. If the handicappers are kind, I think Vendale, Liquidator, Servitor, and Wargrave will remain in for the Great Metropolitan, and of the City and Suburban entry I like Bass Rock, Over Norton, Happy Slave, and Dumbarton Castle best, subject to fair fighting weights being given by the handicappers. Zinfandel could hardly be weighted out of the Jubilee, and Parody is very likely to be given a great chance for the Chester Cup. The Ascot Gold Cup will be a race indeed this year, but I should take Sceptre with a run to beat all comers.

All the best handicappers will for the next few weeks be busily engaged in adjusting the weights for the Spring Handicaps, while the followers of racing, both amateur and professional, will, as a matter of course, dive deeply into the form-books with a view to finding winners of future events. I often think that our system of handicapping might be improved upon. For instance, in the case of the "coup" stables, I would handicap the owners rather than the horses—that is to say, I would always and without fail handicap horses entered from certain stables on their best form, regardless of all their other performances. It is the only equitable plan to follow, and, if generally adopted by our weight-adjusters, we should seldom be told that certain animals were out for an airing getting weight off. Those owners who attempt to get 10 to 1 about a 6-to-4-on chance are, in my opinion, sailing very near to trying to obtain money by other than the right pretence, and I, for one, should like to see them suffer every time.

Up to now, accidents have been few and slight at the jumping business, and I do hope we may go through the season without any fatality to either horse or rider. At the same time, I think the National Hunt Committee should insist on a surgeon being present at all meetings under National Hunt Rules, while a horse-ambulance should be provided on all courses and should be kept ready for emergencies. I need scarcely say that these conditions are complied with at all the big meetings, but it is at the little Hunt Meetings, as a rule, where the serious accidents happen to horses and to the inexperienced amateur riders. I am not quite sure, by-the-bye, that some of the amateurs should not be made to qualify before being allowed to appear in the saddle. The Jockey Club will not grant them permission to ride on equal terms with jockeys until they have proved themselves to be capable of riding well. A duffer on an unmanageable horse could do no end of damage in a hurdle-race, while in a steeple-chase he might cause the death of one or two of the other riders.

The time is fast arriving when we shall have to adopt the telephone for getting lightning results from the course, as the Post Office people are fearfully slow. At a home meeting held last week it was possible

to get results by telephone ten minutes sooner than by telegraph, which is a very serious matter indeed. And here I would warn starting-price bookmakers against laying horses after the time set for the start of a race, while in the matter of telegraphic messages these should be coded at least half-an-hour before the start. I am told that under National Hunt Rules the bulk of the betting is done at starting-price away from the course, and it seems that the professional backers have agents in all the big towns in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland who guarantee to get on a certain sum, say, fifty pounds, on any horse at starting-price, and further guarantee to see that none of the money returns to the course. Not long since, a winner was returned at over 8 to 1 that had been backed to win several thousands in the North of England.

His Majesty the King is said to possess a smart three-year-old in Chatsworth, engaged in the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and

St. Leger. He is an own brother to Mead, and is of the dark division. As I have before stated, I think the Two Thousand Guineas will be won by Sweeper, who is going on well under the charge of Blackwell. With regard to the Derby, I certainly think St. Amant will turn out to be the best of our lot, and he only has the selected from M. Blanc's stable to fear, as I consider him to be far the superior of Henry the First. A lot of money has gone on Clonmell of late. He is by Florizel II.—Iernor. He ran once only as a two-year-old, winning the Great Sapling Plate at Sandown, in which race Santry, giving 15 lb., was unplaced. Clonmell is engaged

CAPTAIN COE.

in the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger, and he may run well in either race. Up to now I see no reason to alter my previously expressed opinion that Pretty Polly would capture the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, and the St. Leger. Major Loder's charming filly has, I am told, wintered well, and many good judges of racing consider her to be a second Sceptre.

Princess Sophia Duleep Singh, the sister of the two popular Anglo-Indian potentates who are so well known in sporting circles, is devoted to animals of all kinds. She is a fine horsewoman and when chaperoned by some English lady of rank often follows the hounds. There are two Princesses Duleep Singh, Sophia and Bamba, and they first made their appearance in Society when acting as bridesmaids at the marriage of their elder brother, Prince Victor, to Lady Anne Coventry.

King Victor Emmanuel is of opinion that the Italian stamps, like those of England, France, and most other nations, are not sufficiently artistic, and do little credit to Italy, the classic land of art. The King has therefore decided to issue a completely new set of stamps, and the designs have been entrusted to the well-known painter, Signor Michetti. The new stamps are said to be remarkably artistic, and there is a different design for each value. On most of them the King is represented either in full-face or in profile, with a landscape or a sea-view as a background. But two of the most curious stamps are those of one and two centimes, for the first bears the head of Volta, and the second that of the modern electrician, Marconi, the inventor of the wireless telegraph.



PRINCESS SOPHIA DULEEP SINGH.

*Photograph by the Kitchener Portrait Company, New Bond Street, W.*

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THIS is the winter of our frivolous intent, and fancy-balls, and all other pleasant foolishness, from buying what we do not want at those beguiling sales to defying "Little Mary" and all her wise precepts at the too hospitable banquet of dance or dinner giver. The most amusing possible form of entertainment for this festive time of the year is a fancy-dress dinner. A good many have been given just lately, and one at which I was present in the flesh last week was distinguished by some rather original dresses, several of which were taken from Mr. Farrow's new nonsense-book. One very tall Guardsman was shriekingly funny as Professor Philanderpan, his already abnormal number of inches being intensified by the Wellington-boot worn as a hat, and long, tightly encased, black silk legs. A pretty girl dressed as Gwendoline Edith, the doll, made great effect with fair hair worn long over a *ciel-bleu* velvet gown, opening over a pearl-studded silk petticoat of lighter shade. The Sea Serpent was "immense," in scales, eye-glass, gloves, and hat all correct, and a gargoyle calculated to give one bad dreams for a fortnight ate truffled turkey and *mousse jambon* with a quite Satanic avidity. Mrs. Philanderpan, another funny character in the book, came with her mob-cap on one side and a châtelaine of spoons and forks dangling over a flounced taffeta shot brown and pink. It is altogether an excellent idea to get the characters from some well-known book for a function of this sort. It causes endless merriment, and avoids the ever-recurring Pierrot, or Mephisto, or Napoleon, or too-familiar person of mediæval England, figures which, each in turn, have been done to death at every recurring fancy-dress festivity since the world began.

From observations made during a flying visit of four days to Paris last week, I am bound to remark that the price of everything good connected with clothes has absolutely gone up, furs, velvets, silks, and laces having all increased in price notably and obviously even since last year. The latter, of course, when real, is always worth its original cost, and, as no dress or garment of any sort seems complete without lace nowadays, it should be cherished by those who have it and

bought with discretion by those who have it not. At the moment it is more than ever *bêtise* to buy too many gowns. Have a few that are really good, and wear them. It is no possible manner of use to lay things by nowadays, when fashions change while one walks down the street; and does anything look more hopeless or brand its wearer more



[Copyright.]

THE FASHIONABLE TAILOR-MADE.

definitely than a last year's frock? Brown is being shown in Paris for smart evening-wear just now. The shade is a light-cigar tone and is immensely *chic* when well done.

A dinner-gown met at Prince's some evenings since was of brown silk-net, several layers billowing one on the other; fringes of long-pointed brown paillettes adorned foot of skirt, shoulders, and sleevelets. The wearer completed herself with open-work brown silk stockings and bronze shoes, while a twist of turquoise tulle in her hair matched the pendant of matrix turquoise set in diamonds that she wore at her throat. The whole effect was miraculously becoming and uncommon, and indicated that the woman who wore it understood the art of "taking trouble," which, as an epigrammatic personage remarked the other day, is a curious paradox: "One has to take such a lot of it in order to escape having any more of it!"

Why, *à propos des bottes*, are women so mercenarily inclined in this present era of error? This is not a riddle, it is merely a reflection following on the visit of a friend who wants to marry but has a difficulty in the matter of choice. "Dicky boy wears his collars well," I adventured, "and is worthy, too." "I don't want to know if he is worthy," she returned, with a withering east-wind air; "I require to know what he is worth," which, when one comes to think of it, is really a very low mental attitude.

That the London Corset Company have raised the cult of that indispensable item of our wardrobes to a fine art there is no possible doubt whatever. Anyone looking into their smart shop-windows at 28, New Bond Street, cannot fail to be impressed with the beguiling



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING EVENING-GOWN OF WHITE CHIFFON.

undulations of the feminine form exhibited therein. Three descriptions that have become classic from repetition are familiar to us all. "As straight up and down as a lamp-post" was one inelegant summing up of some women; "as flat as a pancake" was, I regret to add, another; while the third and most lamentable described a familiar variety of figure as "squeezed in and stuffed out as an hour-glass." These harrowing proverbs no longer apply to this improved generation, however. Thanks largely to the London Corset Company, we need no longer be stigmatised as lamp-posts, pancakes, or hour-glasses, inasmuch as their new corsets glorify instead of disfigure the female form divine, being at once scientific, hygienic, and natural. A sale at present in progress, but which closes positively on the 23rd inst., contains many temptations in silk, brocade, coutille, and other favourite materials, so, while it lasts, women with ambitions in the direction of graceful outline should pay the place a visit.

Glancing in at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' shop-windows in Regent Street the other day, one noticed how greatly the art of the diamond-worker has improved in this country of late. Even after four days of Rue de la Paix, with a frequent full-stop at the splendid Boucheron's, the show at 112, Regent Street, did not suffer in contrast. A few illustrations of some new jewels brought out at Christmas by the Company will illustrate the advance in taste on this side of the Channel, for, while fragility is avoided in the design, grace and delicacy are preserved. One of the attractions in going over the ever-recurring novelties of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company is that people are invited to inspect without being importuned to buy. Diamonds are still increasing in value, so always take the form of an investment, which is a fact worth remembering when at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths', as their great resources of capital enable them to buy in large quantities, and therefore cheaply—a benefit in which purchasers share. This also applies to pearls, which are greatly increasing in value and in which the Company specialise. Anyone sending for a booklet recently issued on the subject of precious stones and ornaments, with designs and prices included, will receive one by return of post.

SYBIL.

Messrs. John Jameson and Son, Limited, have been appointed distillers to His Majesty the King.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway announce that for the Wye Steeplechases on Wednesday, Jan. 20, they will run a number of special trains from London and the provincial stations on their system.

The Riviera season, so far as can be judged from the number of visitors already arrived, bids fair to be a good one and at least as successful as the last. During the approaching opera season at Monte Carlo, a new opera by the greatest of living French composers, Saint-Saëns, entitled "Hélène et Paris," will be produced, and the title-rôle will be created by Madame Melba. The extension to the Casino will probably be opened about the middle of January. Among the recent arrivals at Monte Carlo may be mentioned Sir John and Miss Jenkins, Sir Joseph and Miss Leigh, and Lord Howard de Walden, who are staying at the Métropole.

## THE LATE MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.

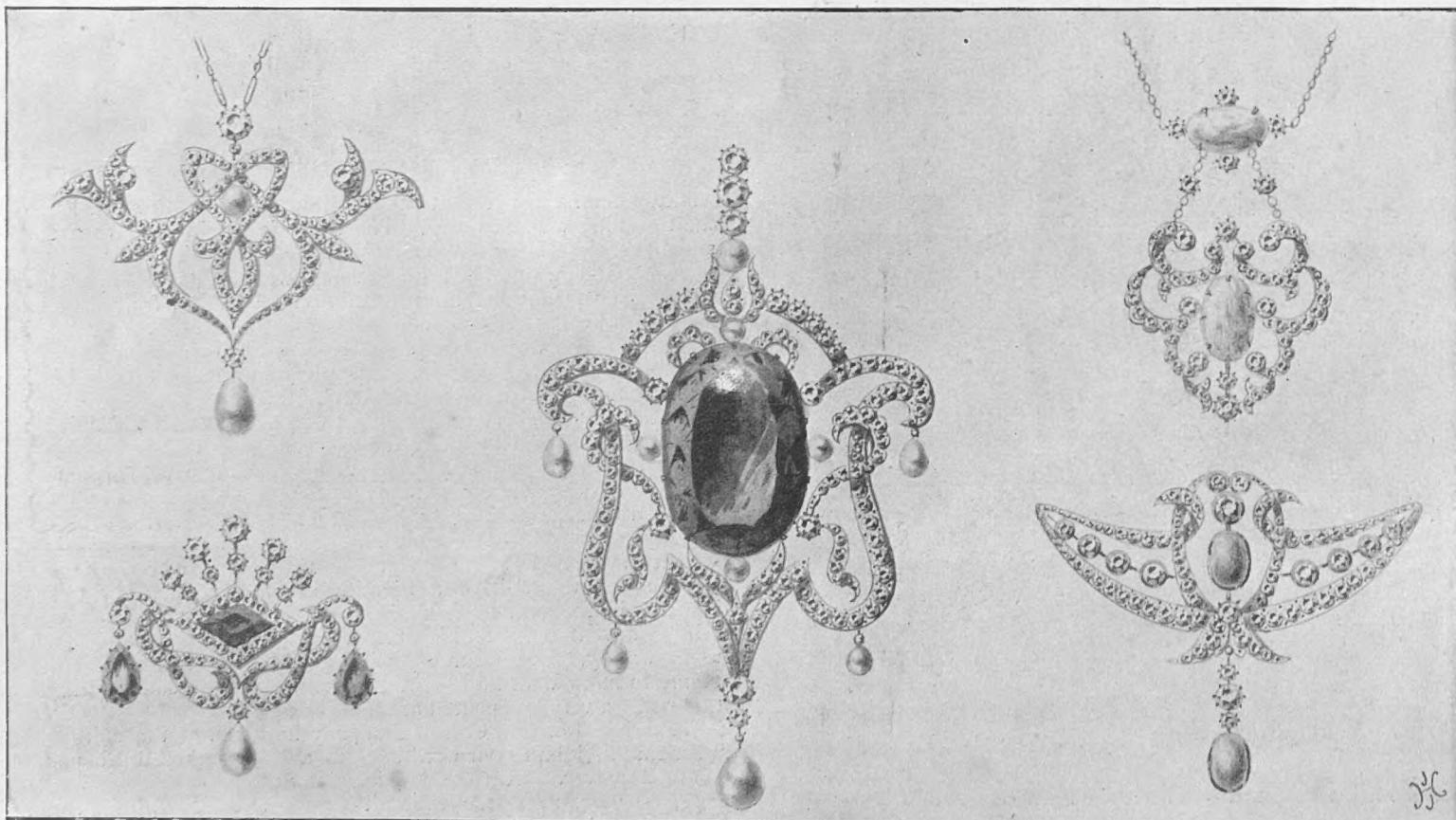
THOUGH Madame Antoinette Sterling was an American by birth, she was of English blood, and descended from one of the Pilgrim Fathers who was in his time Governor of Plymouth Colony. This may in part account for her strong religious faith, which throughout her life she never wearied in asserting. She commenced her musical studies in America, and, after studying in England and Germany, returned to her native country in 1871 and there started her long career as a singer. Two years later she came to London, and from that time she made England her home. Madame Sterling had a magnificent contralto voice and a peculiar earnestness of manner which, combined with the plainness of her attire and absolute lack of adornment, appealed with especial force to her auditors when she was singing one of those pathetic ballads which she had almost made her own. Simplicity may be said to have been the key-note of her whole life. In 1875 Madame Sterling was married to Mr. John Mackinlay, and shortly after revisited America, but she soon returned to her British home and never again left it. Her illness lasted only a few days, and she passed away peacefully last Sunday at her Hampstead residence, to the infinite sorrow of the members of her family and of a wide circle of warm friends and admirers.



THE LATE MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

In our last issue we published, under the title "The Art of Making up," a series of pictures representing Mr. Akerman May, of Daly's, in a variety of characters. These should more properly have borne the legend "What I might have been had I not become an actor," since in posing for several of the portraits Mr. Akerman May used no "make-up" whatever. To people who know the stage only from the front, the distinction may not be very obvious, but those behind the scenes are aware that Mr. Akerman May could as he would give us something vastly more effective from the "make-up" point of view.



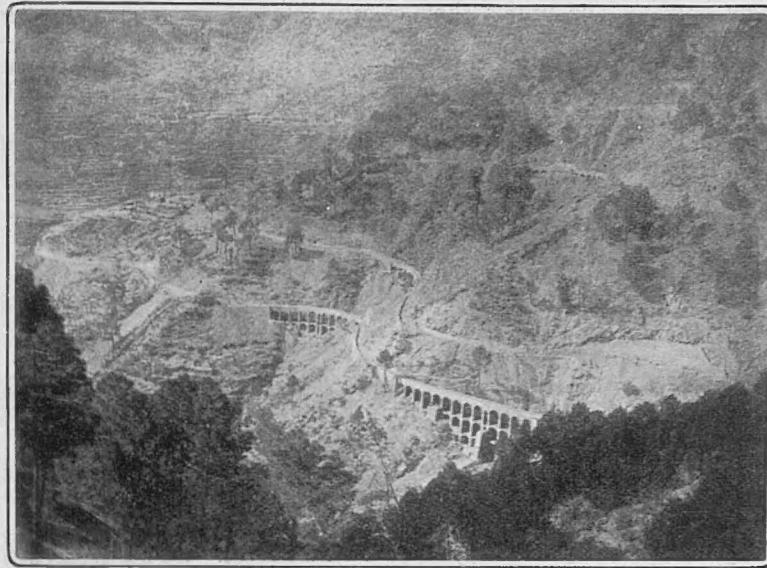
NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY BY THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS COMPANY.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 26.*

## CONSOLS AND GILT-EDGED STOCKS.

**A**MONG the many things for which the Stock Exchange has to be thankful in these days of depression, the retention of the Bank Rate at 4 per cent. occupies a high place. What the markets would be like if the Old Lady were to have inaugurated a 5-per-cent. rate one scarcely likes to consider, and even now the fear



KALKA-SIMLA RAILWAY: LOOPS NEAR DHARAMPORE.

is not quite dead that it may have to go up before the spring. Let us hope not. Revenue-collection should produce a marked effect before long: are not the income-tax demands staring us in the face already? Any continued drain to the East would doubtless make its influence felt, but the Bank of England ought to feel strong enough in its position for the maintenance of the 4 per cent. at present. Therefore, Consols are not likely to be much moved by monetary considerations. They must continue to hang upon the skirts of politics for some time to come, and will be very greatly at the mercy of the speculative brigade now that the banks have withdrawn their support. The investor who thinks of moving the money he now has on deposit with Lombard Street at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. can find so many other stocks of almost equally sound character to pay  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. more than Consols that he is not likely to devote much attention or cash to the Funds. So far as we are able to see, there is little object in buying Goschens now. As we have pointed out on previous occasions, the National War Loan and the Transvaal Three per Cent. Guaranteed Stocks are both more attractive investments. The former ranks on the same plane with Consols, the latter is guaranteed by the Imperial Government, and what more can be wanted? Better interest still is to be obtained from some of the finest Home Railway prior charges, while the Indian Guaranteed Railway list has also bargains to offer. Corporation Stocks are out of favour, and Colonials present no especial attraction beyond that of a high rate of interest, although both of these classes can be judiciously mixed with the highest kinds of stock to return  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to the investor who studies safety in making his selections.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

This week we are able to give two views of the new Kalka-Simla Railway, which will, by means of the Delhi, Umballa, and Kalka Railway, bring the great hill-station of Simla into direct railway communication with the rest of India. The original concession was for a narrow-gauge line in 1898, but in 1901 this was altered, and the gauge brought to the ordinary Indian standard. The original estimate of £600,000 has long ago been exceeded, and the Indian Government is now providing the additional money required to finish the line at 4 per cent. Our first view shows the great zigzag near Dharampore, and our second the construction of what is called the "Gallery Mile." When finished, the line will be one of the most magnificent engineering feats in the world, to say nothing of the boon it will prove to Anglo-Indian society.

## AMONGST THE MINES.

Bear accounts are being built up at a healthy rate among the Mining Markets, and even in the West Australian department the shorts are beginning to take liberties with the higher-priced shares, but the fairly consistent way in which returns from the mines continue to keep up is an important element of strength. Besides, the West Australian Market has not had a scandal for quite a number of weeks, if the mysteries attaching to the Smelting and Refining movements be excepted, and it must be admitted that certain of the shares look worth having in view of the handsome returns that can be obtained. The market, however, is too easily moved by interested parties to hold

out any glittering allurement to outsiders. Waihies are weak, it being said that a fresh installation of machinery will be necessary, which, of course, would mean a considerable outlay of money. The drop in Treasury Gold provides a source of wonder to the Kaffir Circus, the shares having been persistently tipped by insiders for a long while past. Examination of the position goes to show that the drop was brought about by sellers unloading shares upon an unwilling market. The Kaffir Circus, of course, teems with bears, and when once the tail-twisting begins there will be lively scenes.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Must pay for those tickets somehow," soliloquised The Stroller, as he turned away from the box-office at Drury Lane. "Bank," he briefly directed a cabman.

In a quarter of an hour he was standing at the west end of Throgmorton Street, and turned up Shorter's Court to look at the American Market. Refusing invitations to have his boots cleaned, to buy half a-dozen papers, and to experiment with an electric flash-light, he got as near to the historic lamp-post as he could, and listened to the babel of tongues.

"Fifty Unions! Only fifty Unions!" cried a gentleman standing near by. "Oh, hang it! I'm not going to stand here all night to get level."

"Better go home, then," another advised him. "You're out of the shares, I suppose?"

"That's the worst of it," said the first. "Wouldn't so much mind taking them home, but I don't like to risk being caught a bear in markets like these." And again he lifted up his voice: "Fifty Unions, anybody?"

"Yankees really are too low to last long at these prices," observed a second bystander. "They've been forced down, like everything else, and a reaction is bound to follow."

"H'm!" quoth a third. "That Steel Trust business cannot fail to leave a nasty taste in the public's mouth."

"And what does that matter?" demanded the second. "It's entirely a professional market, and if Wall Street—"

"Yes, but I'm not so sure that it will," was the reply to the unspoken suggestion. "Those Yankee magnates have got as much as they can conveniently chew, as it is."

"Oh, I know it's a mere gamble," the tipster retorted; "but I bought myself a little bull to-day—"

"Say no more—say no more!" he was entreated. "Hark at the trail of the serpent!" And the group exploded with laughter at the mixture of the metaphor.

"I believe he's right, and that Yankees are too flat to last," surmised a man who stayed behind as the others moved off. "Look at Atchison and Canada; Unions, too. They're all cheap."

"Shouldn't wonder," answered his friend. "Let's have a few together, shall we?" and they edged themselves into the middle of the crowd, whereby our Stroller lost sight of them. He made his way into Throgmorton Street, and a workman knocked off his hat.

"Awful nuisance, this Stock Exchange rebuilding," remarked the gentleman who picked up the errant bowler. "These fellows will be the death of us some day. I believe they have killed my market in Home Rails. Oh, here they are!"

The Stroller stood still, brushing his hat and listening.

"I say," he heard, "have you got anything to do in Great Easterns?"

"They left off a-half in the House," was the diplomatic answer. "Can I help you? I have no book, unfortunately."

"Pity," and the broker looked vexed. "I suppose they've all gone, eh?"

"Yes, some time ago. What d'you want to do?"

"Buy one at a-half."

"Sorry, but they were buyers in the market. I'll sell you one at three-quarters, and take my chance, if you like."



KALKA-SIMLA RAILWAY: GALLERY MILE.

"Can't. I'm limited."

"Easterns are not a bad market by any means, or I'd let you have one. I fancy we shall see all Rails better before long."

"So do I. They are cheap enough so far as values go."

"The question is, what are values? I used to be taught that value is that which a thing will fetch."

"Carry your idea to its logical conclusion and you will come across some queer posers. I've no time to talk economics, or I would argue it out to you. Won't you sell me that Eastern?"

"Very sorry, but I have neither the pluck nor the stock."

"There's no enterprise left nowadays," grumbled the broker. "They ought to call you negotiators, not jobbers."

The other laughed good-humouredly, and our friend moved off to the rim of the Kaffir Market.

"Is there anything going on?" he inquired of a juvenile with a cigar about as long as the owner was tall.

"Nothing much," and the youth ran off a long string of prices in fractions that conveyed no meaning to The Stroller's untrained ear. "Do you want to perform?"

"No, thanks," and our friend laughed. "I only wished to test the tone of the market."

The little gentleman stared, blew out a cloud of smoke, and discreetly held his tongue.

"Ought not Kaffirs to improve?" pursued The Stroller, dimly conscious of having committed some blunder.

"Course they ought," replied the dealer, confidently. "Look at this Labour Question. All settled now, and not a share's gone better on it. Bless my soul!" and again he took refuge behind his cigar.

"But they will go better?" persisted our seeker after truth.

"Course they will!" repeated the other. "Only, to tell you the truth, I don't think many of the fellows in there"—and he pointed to the market—"are keen on a rise until they've bought back some of their stock. Yes, who said Modders?" and he faced round sharply.

"That is the Egyptian Market," our friend overheard one man tell another, pointing to a small band that verged upon the Kaffir Circus. "See that chap over there? He will give you the price of Nile Valleys."

"Nile Valleys?" said the man addressed. "There isn't much market, but I can tell you a nominal in a second," and he moved a pace or two away.

"Are these Gippies any good, think ye?" his neighbour asked, as he returned with the price and found the broker had nothing to do.

"To a certain extent, yes," was the enigmatic response. "It will take some time to cultivate, will this market, but in the end—Oh, yes."

Messrs. Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, have issued a pamphlet, entitled "The Best Food for Infants," the perusal of which is strongly recommended to all interested in the rearing of infants. This particular food was first introduced by the above firm more than forty years ago, and its constantly extended use and increased reputation are sufficient proofs that it has been found to supply and satisfy in a perfectly natural manner the requirements of infant life. The booklet above mentioned contains a full account of the constituents of the food, which has the fullest approval of the first authorities in the medical profession, as well as much sound information of value to nurses and mothers.

Savory & Moore's Infants' Food was devised in consultation with the greatest physiological and chemical authority, and is manufactured under the close and personal direction of the members of the firm, an absolute guarantee being thus afforded that in its preparation the



Food has the benefit of scientific supervision.

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Savory & Moore's Food for Infants is obtainable everywhere, and a copy of the above-mentioned pamphlet and other useful particulars will be forwarded post free on application to 143, New Bond Street, London, W.

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